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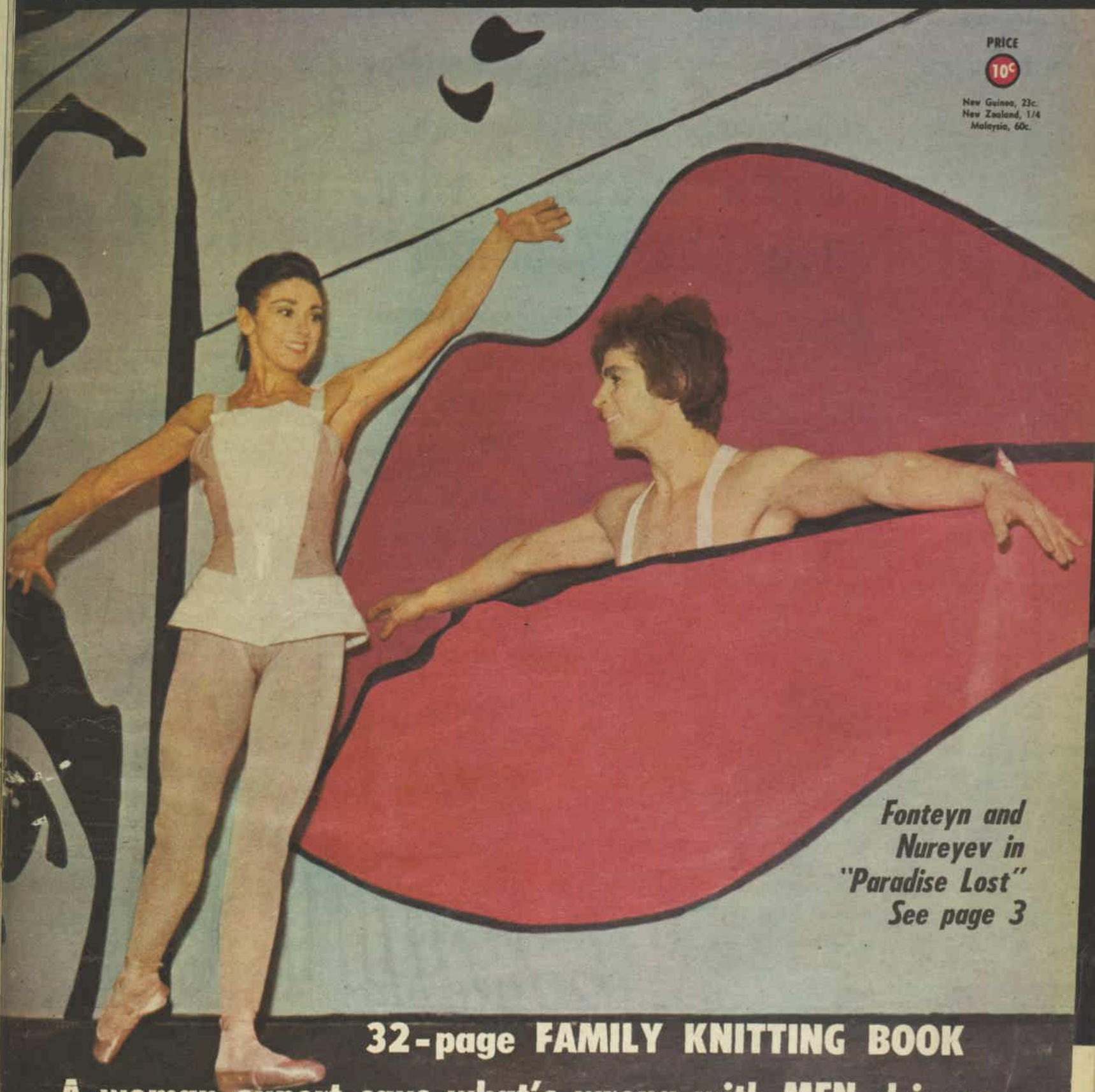
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*Fonteyn and
Nureyev in
"Paradise Lost"
See page 3*

32-page FAMILY KNITTING BOOK

A woman expert says what's wrong with MEN drivers

IN COLOR: WINNER OF THE PACIFIC QUEEN CONTEST

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MARCH 29, 1967

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OUR COVER

● Rudolph Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn in one of the controversial scenes from the new and sensational ballet "Paradise Lost." Classicists deplored the ballet's pop art props and modernistic dancing. (See page 3.)

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AT LEFT: Mrs. Richard Bowen, of Cape Canaveral City, Florida, her daughter Robin, and her mother, Mrs. Edna Morris, of Dulwich Hill, N.S.W. Right, Richard Bowen. Above, "something goes up" at Cape Kennedy.



She's a space wife, living near the 'Moon-port'

"SOMETIMES I'll say to Dick, 'Something went up today,' and he'll smile enigmatically and say, 'Did it?'"

Mrs. Richard Bowen, formerly Megan Morris, of Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., was telling me about life as a space wife at fabled Cape Kennedy.

She was briefly home, after two and a half years, to show her mother, Mrs. Edna Morris, her first grandchild, Robin Dana-Lyn, a lively enchanting little American of just 17 months.

Husband Richard Bowen, whose official title is Assistant Superintendent of Range Operations, had hoped to come, too. But three days before take-off for the Bownes, disaster struck the Cape.

Space research had its first casualties. Three Apollo astronauts, Grissom, White, and Chaffee, died instantly in a flash-fire aboard the mighty spacecraft designed to take man to the moon by 1970.

"That night Dick and I were at home in our apartment," said Mrs. Bowen. "We were watching a movie — of all things, it was 'The Day The Earth Stood Still'."

"The program was interrupted. An accident out at the Cape! Then the news came through that one astronaut was dead — then two — then three."

"It was a personal loss, a personal tragedy, for all the tens of thousands who work at the Cape and for their families — just as all the previous triumphs had been personal triumphs."

"Special editions of newspapers came out. Hotels and motels and other places put up grieving signs. Whole townships were plunged into sorrow."

"And there was great anxiety, too, for the wives and families of other men working at the range that

night — Friday, January 27, 1967 — until word at last got through to them that their men were all right."

And so Dick Bowen stayed behind to help probe the tragedy, when Megan and Robin flew to Australia.

Dick Bowen graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy, and spent two years with the Navy in Japan. He was Education Officer aboard USS Providence when, some three years ago, it called in on Sydney for a hectic eight days.

One day, at a luncheon, he met pretty 20-year-old Megan. The attraction was instantaneous — and mutual. The pair corresponded for three months, then Megan went to Los Angeles and they were married.

Megan—Meg for short—was repeating history. Elder sister Patricia had married an American sailor back in 1947, and lives in Houston, Texas.

(The two brothers of the family, both married, live in Sydney.)

Megan had visited Patricia for 10 months in 1962, so her new country wasn't entirely strange to her.

"And I hadn't really time to be homesick, because I started my family right away."

"Twenty months ago, Dick, having left the Navy, got his present job, and we moved to the Cape, or rather to Cape Canaveral City, about eight miles from Cape Kennedy."

"Exciting place"

"We live in an apartment there, and Dick commutes to work like all the other thousands. Some travel up to 50 miles from home to work."

The Cape area is, of course, one of the most exciting places on earth, where history is made nearly every day.

It is the heart of the tremendous Air Force Eastern

Test Range where Army, Navy, Air Force, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and many giant private companies work together on the missile and space program.

Among the companies heavily engaged are Radio Corporation of America, and Pan-American Airways, for whom Dick Bowen works.

Because of its vast experience in operating overseas aircraft bases, Pan-Am was given the prime contract for range operations in 1954. Its Guided Missiles Range Division, to which Dick belongs, operates at the Cape itself and controls island stations up to 10,000 miles away, deep into the Indian Ocean.

—By—
KAY KEAVNEY

"The work and the responsibilities are huge," Megan said. "For instance, the Division has to make sure there are no planes or ships in the thousands of miles which are the area of a 'launch.' If anything worrying or suspicious comes up, the launch is scrubbed at once."

Dick has been involved, one way and another, in most launches over nearly two years, including "Noah's Ark," the bug satellite which got itself lost just lately, and triggered off a widespread search.

The Cape area was largely flat, marshy scrubland until 1950, when it was chosen as the ideal centre for the space program.

It was isolated, virtually unpopulated, and its coast faced south-east, with unobstructed access to an unlimited distance over water, and over the islands strategically placed for tracking purposes.

Since then, on the hot, sandy, water-logged land, numbers of communities

have sprung up to serve the Range.

They are at once typical and very special American communities.

"In many ways," Megan said, "we live like any other American family, and so do all our friends. Dick goes to work and comes home. I clean and wash and iron and look after Robin."

"The big difference is that everybody we know, everybody around us, works at the same place, and is tremendously involved with the Project. Wives and children are, too."

"All the talk is about the Project. Or — for the women — it's all about the Project and their children!"

"And the children are all unusually well informed about space. All the little boys want to be astronauts and nothing else."

"The children, in fact, seem very advanced. And luckily the schools that have grown up are excellent."

"There must be a higher concentration of intelligent, highly trained men — engineers, scientists, specialists of all kinds — in the area than in most places in the world."

"Most major American companies have representatives living there, with their families. Everybody mixes, because all are serving the same end, and the families are just as engrossed as the men."

There are other Australian wives living in the area, to satisfy Megan's hunger for the sound of an Australian voice.

"And one friend or another from Australia is continually turning up, and bedding down in our apartment," she said.

"The American wives have accepted me completely — and they're all insatiably interested in Australia. Mum sends Pattie and me Australian magazines, especially the Women's Weekly."

"I hardly ever get to see it, because somebody grabs it the minute it arrives."

"Life in the whole area is wonderfully relaxed. It's a very calm, easy-going sort of

place. There are lots of water sports — swimming and boating and water-skiing and fishing — and plenty of nightlife and entertainment if you want it.

"The summers are very hot, but then everything is air-conditioned — houses, cars, stores, everything. The winters are mild and sunny."

"The astronauts themselves all live in Houston, Texas — oddly enough, just near my sister Pattie. When there's a launch they commute the 1200 miles to work by plane. Mostly their wives stay home and wait."

"Glued to TV"

"Personally, when something's going up, I sit glued to the TV. In the beginning I'd run out and watch. You'd see a speck of cloud, then flames, and after a delay hear the noise of the launch."

"But we have color TV, and you get a better, much better, picture of the whole operation inside your living-room."

"Though we're all so vitally interested in the Project, wives have to be kept as much in the dark about what's going on as the rest of the world, until the time is ripe."

"All our husbands have what they call a top security clearance. Hence Dick with his enigmatic, 'Did it?'"

"You can go out there, though — to the Range. In fact, there are regular public tours by bus. Or you can go through at certain times in your own car. It's a tremendous tourist attraction."

"You get a good view of missiles standing in their gantries, and of Complex-14, from which Glenn, Carpenter, and Schirra were boosted into space, and just beyond, Complex-19, from which the Gemini manned flights are made."

"Or you can tour Merritt Island, heart of the 'Moon-port' area, and see a complete city taking shape. The world's largest building, the Vehicle Assembly Building, which will stand 52 storeys high, is in this area."

★
**Fonteyn
and
Nureyev**
★



DAME MARGOT and male dancers (below) create *The Temptation*. The ballet is based on a poem by Frenchman Jean Cau, not on Milton's work. Dame Margot interprets her role as Eve with "youthful savage grace."

NEW BALLET SHOCKS LONDON

● Rudolph Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn as Adam and Eve in "*Paradise Lost*," an avant garde ballet about the fall of man, have caused considerable controversy in London.

Pictures by DAVID GRAVES



EARTHY, sensual scenes (such as the kiss, at left) and modernistic dancing against decor by pop artist Martial Raysse have shocked some, thrilled others. Neon lighting was used for the ballet — for the first time at Covent Garden — and the music was a cacophony of sounds, making the steps particularly difficult.

NEXT WEEK

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"I knew I would have to change my ways, or I would be there forever."

★ A Queensland reader tells of 14 months spent in a mental home in . . .
BREAKDOWN—AND RECOVERY



★ Pants are an important look for 1967, and you will see how they shape, fashionably, in our pictures of today's TROUSERS

THE GIRL FROM SNOWY RIVER

By JACQUELINE LEE LEWES

● Up Mt. Kosciusko way there's a tall, attractive blonde who could be called "The Girl from Snowy River." She is Lorraine Cairnes, 21, who has been appointed a Trust Interpretive Officer with the Kosciusko State Park — the only girl in this job in Australia.

FOR the past few months "home" for Lorraine has been the single women's quarters at Jindabyne, which she shares with two girls on the Park's administration staff.

Until then, she had lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cairnes, and her 18-year-old brother, Peter, in the Sydney suburb of Mosman, doing a general Science degree at Sydney University.

Lorraine found the job of a ranger naturalist advertised on the notice board at the University's Botany School.

"I went along to see Mr. Spencer Smith-White, the senior ranger naturalist at the Park. The job was for the summer vacation," she explained.

"I had done quite a bit of skiing and knew the area well. My father built one of the first ski clubs at Perisher — he's an old man of the snow!" said Lorraine jokingly.

"I was told to be at Jindabyne on December 12 — and I was."

There were eight temporary ranger naturalists employed during the Christmas-New Year intensive interpretation program — seven men and Lorraine. Most were forestry and science students.

Lorraine's summer vacation job turned into a permanent one when she was appointed recently to the Park's permanent staff with the official title of Trust Interpretive Officer.

As Lorraine was the first girl on the field staff, there was the problem of a suitable uniform.

It had to be both practical and feminine, and eventually a bone blouse with the Park insignia on each shoulder,

dark green or bone pleated skirt, long socks, and casual shoes were decided on.

"I wanted culottes, but up here the men don't like them," said Lorraine. "It's a pity, really, as one day when we had bushfire practice, including leaping over burning logs, I only stood and watched."

Lorraine, 5ft. 9in. tall, with an infectious grin, describes herself as an outdoor type.

Now a "bushie"

Although city-bred, she has settled quickly into the life of a "bushie," and loves to pack her tent and go off for a few days' camping every now and then.

"It's strange, I don't miss Sydney at all," she said. "I led a fairly busy social life there and I thought I would miss it — but I don't."

"I love music — Tijuana Brass, Beethoven, and the Animals are my favorites — and I catch up on all my reading."

"Anyway, there are quite a lot of people at the Park, so there's no lack of social life. And I have met so many people — writers,

doctors, landscape architects, scientists, painters.

One of her summer duties is to take parties on three- or seven-mile hikes through the rugged country of the Park's 2100 square miles once or twice a week.

"The prettiest walk is through the primitive area, which is about 6000 feet above sea level. It's unique — the only place in Australia glaciated in the last Ice Age. You can still see the three glacier lakes."

"The meadows are covered in alpine flowers — it is magnificent."

Twice on these walks Lorraine has had to run a mile through the bush to get a stretcher for people who have collapsed.

"I may be wrong, but I think the high altitude affects people who aren't fit. Of course, you can't tell at the beginning of the walk who's fit and who isn't."

The largest party Lorraine guided was one of 70.

"They seemed to stretch from one end of the mountain to the other. The kids bounced along in front, while the older members looked at everything more closely and took photographs."

During the week Lorraine helps show slides to tour groups at Sawpit Creek, the Park's headquarters.

"Then we head out on the

road to the summit of Mt. Kosciusko, and if it's my turn I explain the country as we go along."

There are the campfire nights at Sawpit Creek, Thredbo, and Perisher, too. "I thought it was corny when I first heard about it, but it's not," said Lorraine. "Tall gum trees, a dark night, and a campfire — it's terrific."

"We sing Australian songs — I can play the guitar a little and so can one of the men. We show slides, too, then we take it in turns to give talks. Mine was called 'Kosciusko in Winter' and it lasted about six minutes."

Lorraine said that one of her most enjoyable, though painful, experiences was a three-day survey trip.

To her dismay she was told it was to be on horseback; her riding experience was limited to two rides seven years previously.

"We stayed overnight at stockmen huts and the first night was drastic — I could hardly move. The beds were old bags slung between sapling branches. The second night I slept in a tent in a paddock!"

Riding falls

After her three-day expedition, Lorraine felt she was beginning to learn something about horses.

"I'm getting the hang of it. How many times do you have to fall off before you're considered experienced?" she asked anxiously.

"I've been off twice. The first time was most embarrassing. I put my foot in the stirrup and went straight over the other side of the horse."

One of the extra jobs Lorraine has set herself is compiling information about the flowers, rocks, and historical backgrounds in different areas of the Park.

"I want to get three booklets started before the snow comes."

"They will be pocket-sized — about 30 pages each."



● Kosciusko's State Park's Lorraine Cairnes.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

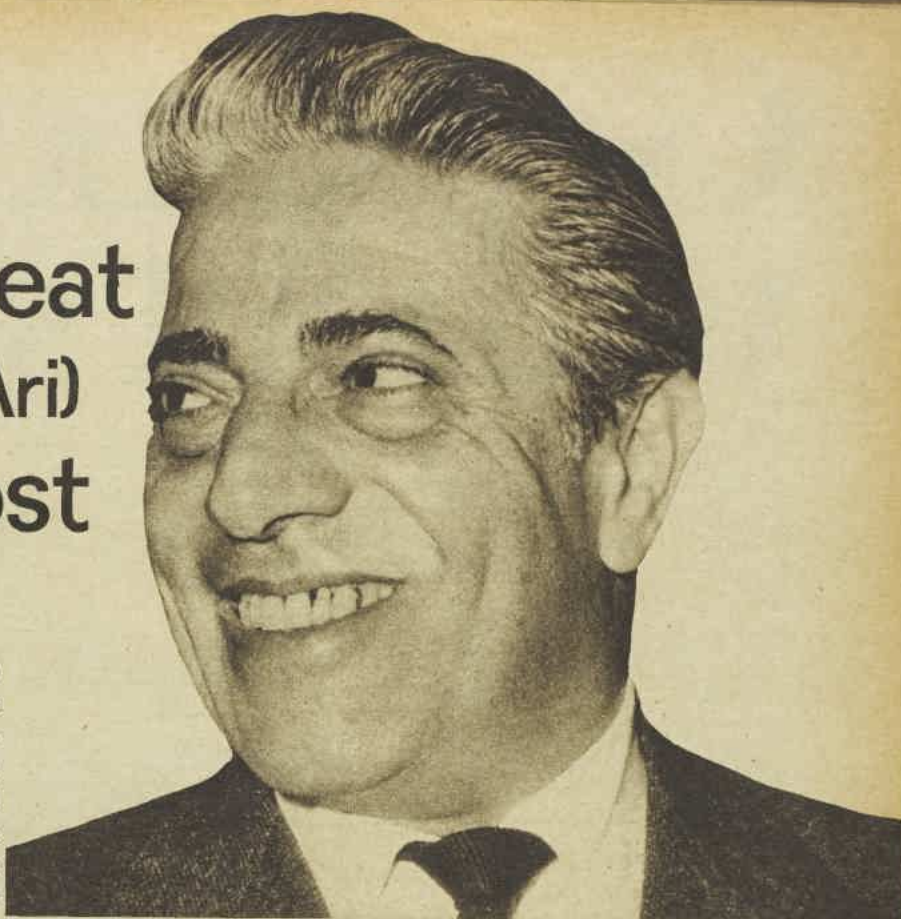
Mamma once said: "Every year I tell myself the new styles in women's dresses can't go any higher or look more ridiculous, and every year I'm proved wrong. Last year — or was it the year before? — mini-skirts were an inch or two above the knee. Now the latest mini-skirt is seven to ten inches above the knee. It looks like people are walking around in dresses that have shrunk. I'm beginning to wonder where it will all end."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Times have changed. It used to take two sheep two years to produce enough material for an outfit for a well-dressed woman. Now a silkworm can do it on his Sunday afternoon off.

Onassis the Great (friends call him Ari) is a genial host



● What is it like to be a guest on the fabulous floating home of the shipping magnate and multi-millionaire Aristotle Onassis, host to the rich, noble, and great? Nigel Neilson (at left), who has been the personal "image-maker" for the Greek business giant for the past 12 years, described the experience on his recent trip to Sydney.



ARISTOTLE ONASSIS

PRECEDED by publicity as the public-relations man hired to keep Onassis' name out of the news, Mr. Neilson proved unexpectedly open about his employer.

He explained: "Onassis never liked talking to the Press, and in consequence there were all sorts of exaggerated stories about him from second-hand sources.

"In 1955 a friend of his, Lord Bracken, suggested he seek advice from a public-relations man, and mentioned my name. At the time I was with J. Walter Thompson in London.

"I then persuaded him to give the Press the true story whenever possible. Then, when he and his former wife, Tina, gave interviews and saw they got a fair deal, they relaxed with the Press."

I relaxed myself, and settled in for a chat.

"The most glamorous thing about Onassis," said Mr. Neilson, "is his yacht, the Christina. Shall I tell you about that, and about his guests?"

"I have been a guest on the Christina many times with my wife, Pam, and other guests have included Sir Winston Churchill, Maria Callas, Dame Margot Fonteyn and her husband, and Prince Rainier and Princess Grace."

What about Maria Callas? "Away from opera she's gay and fun-loving — and not at all temperamental. All her temper outbursts over her work are because she is a perfectionist."

"She used to weigh 20 stone, you know. Now she only weighs ten. But I don't know what her diet was."

Mr. Neilson brought out a collection of photographs he had taken on board and showed me one of Callas on deck, with feet up on the rail, relaxed and laughing.

Maria Callas and Margot Fonteyn, both at the peak in their respective arts, were great friends, he said. Margot and her husband were also frequent guests on the Christina.

"For such a famous person, Margot is completely unpompous. Pam used to

preferring to entertain his eight to 12 "house" guests with small dinner parties.

"There are two kitchens on the yacht, with a Greek and a French chef, and the meals are superb.

"Onassis loves to surround himself with interesting people. He adored Sir Winston, and once said of him, 'In my opinion, this man gave the Western world an extension of life.'"

Onassis was a genial, informal host, Mr. Neilson

lection of paintings has been hung in the yacht, including an El Greco in Onassis' study.

"His great love of ships has influenced the decor. There is a huge glass-topped bar containing models of old-time ships of all nationalities, which are lighted and moved by electricity.

"One model is of a whale towing a baby in a basket. This, according to Onassis, represents Moses, the first shipowner."

a blaze of light round the villa — Onassis had planted fireworks in the grounds to welcome her."

Mr. Neilson and his wife were last on the Christina about six months ago. "We have cruised round the Mediterranean and the Greek isles, mainly.

"The yacht is Onassis' home, although he has apartments in Paris, Monte Carlo, and Athens.

"He often sails to his own island, Scorpio, where he

him an appointment as trade consul there. All this time he was studying shipping, which was his great love and the business which made him his fortune."

Nigel Neilson was born in England. He lived in New Zealand from the age of six (he owns a sheep farm there now) and returned to England when he won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

He studied acting and singing, but his career was interrupted by the war and he joined a cavalry division in Palestine, taking part in the last cavalry charge in history, with the Transjordan Frontier Force in Syria against the Spahis.

Later activities as a brigade major with the Special Air Service, which worked with two French battalions to drop supplies into France, won him the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor.

After the war he joined the cabaret circuit as an entertainer, working at most of the top places in London. His wife joined the act as a dancer. He did shows with such notables as Hermione Baddeley, Terry-Thomas, and Ian Carmichael. He also had his own radio program.

He toured many countries with his act, and his first child was born in New Zealand. This decided him to take up a more "steady" career, and he returned to London in 1952 and entered public relations.

Five years ago, after working exclusively with Onassis since 1955, he established his own public-relations firm. His trip to Australia was to visit the Sydney branch, and to fly to New Zealand to set up a branch there.

— BARBARA MARTYN

Callas 'fun-loving,' Fonteyn 'completely unpompous'

dance with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and so knew her well already.

"We have had a lot of fun together on the yacht. I can remember times when we have fooled around in the swimming-pool, playing bullfighters or doing a bit of 'ballet' and I have hoisted Margot into the air in fun.

"Her husband, Roberto Arias, was a most dynamic man before that terrible shooting which paralysed him." (In 1964, Arias, former Panamanian Ambassador to London, was shot by a political colleague in Panama. He spent more than two years in hospital and is still partially paralysed.) "Margot has been absolutely marvellous with him."

Were yacht parties frequent?

Mr. Neilson said that when Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly were married, Onassis gave several large parties for them. (He described Princess Grace as "charming, but very restrained.") But normally Onassis didn't hold large functions on the yacht,

said. "All guests are told to do exactly as they please while on board. If they don't wish to come to breakfast, or lunch, or even dinner, they needn't."

"There's a crew of 40 sailors and servants. The swimming-pool converts to a dance floor.

"The Christina has 14 double staterooms, beautifully furnished.

"An almost priceless col-

Mr. Neilson chuckled over this and said, "Onassis has a great sense of humor." He recalled another joke.

"Greta Garbo really is as reserved as the stories about her say, and on one occasion she decided that Paris was getting too much for her and told her friends she was going to slip away to her quiet villa in Monte Carlo.

"Soon after she arrived there was a terrific noise and

has made an anchorage, with water piped through to it (there is no house on the island)."

Onassis sometimes has to leave the yacht to attend to business interests — an airline company, two million tons of shipping, a whaling fleet, tobacco interests — he goes off in his seaplane (carried on the top deck).

"He is now divorced, but is still a strong family man and adores his two daughters, Christina and Alexandra," Mr. Neilson said.

"He is kind and, despite his fabulous wealth, very approachable. All his friends call him 'Ari.'"

The business genius of Onassis is obvious. He left Greece at 16 after the Ataturk riots killed his parents, and landed in Buenos Aires with only about \$60.

"He got a job as a sweeper in a telephone exchange and within five months had learnt sufficient Spanish to work as a night operator," Mr. Neilson said.

"By the time he was 21 his trading activities between Greece and Argentina earned



MRS. NEILSON, at left, with Christina Onassis (right) and a friend on board the Christina. In the distance is the yacht's seaplane tender.

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Gossamer—the holding hair spray that gently cares for your hair

Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967



PAT GAGNON with one of the drivers who have benefited from her safe-driving instruction.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEN DRIVERS?

—In America, a
woman teaches safety
to truckies

EVER since the birth of the automobile, the woman driver has been sneered at, leered at, and jeered at by millions of males, including truck drivers—often considered a nation's best drivers.

Yet the highway safety supervisor of 1200 men employed by the New York Telephone Company — many of them tough, burly truck drivers — is a dainty, soft-spoken, curvaceous female.

Blue-eyed, 5ft. 3in., ash blonde Patricia Ann Gagnon is highway boss to all those men. She rides with them regularly, advises them on how to improve their driving habits, and warns them that carelessness causes accidents — and they listen.

Pat Gagnon — America's only known female fleet safety supervisor — did such an outstanding job for 12 years showing telephone company truck drivers in Canada how to stay alive that the New York branch of the Bell System hired her 16 months ago. Since then, 34-year-old Pat has helped to reduce accidents sharply among her company's drivers.

"Pat Gagnon's extensive background in accident prevention with human beings as well as motor vehicles is a refreshing challenge to our safety program," said Mr. H. G. Huggins, a key Manhattan telephone executive.

It wasn't easy in New York at first, but the truck drivers soon learned to accept their witty, smiling

overseer, and she began making them more safety-minded. None has ever made a pass at her. And there is no longer any resentment at having to take advice from a woman, especially now that they realise she knows all about mechanics.

Pat herself, when asked how she manages to top men at their own game, answers bluntly, "I don't try to top them. I just work with them."

Mainly, she teaches the men to drive defensively

an accident during a storm, she said, more in sorrow than in anger. "The weather changed, but your driving attitude didn't." He, too, got the message.

For still another driver, who kept running into cars and invariably alibied, "The guy in front stopped suddenly without any warning or signal. I was only going 20 miles an hour, so it ain't my fault," Pat used the following method. She drove with him, casually studied his road habits, then quietly told

Pat investigates accidents on the spot to discover what caused them — and, most important, to learn how to avert them in the future.

She is not concerned with who legally is to blame, but rather with how the accident might have been prevented. And, if a company driver is at fault, she never tries to cover up for him.

"Such a whitewash would encourage carelessness," she explains. "Besides, it would slow analysis of the accident

working on accident statistics in the Montreal Telephone Company. One day her boss had an accident, and she suddenly had to take over.

When she was later appointed safety supervisor, she was told, "Remember four things: Be feminine, act like a lady, think like a man, and work like a dog."

"I've been working like a dog ever since," she says laughingly.

Weary of listening to truck drivers' excuses for their accidents in her new assign-

what irritates Pat most is the widespread belief that accidents are "inevitable" — that each year more than 50,000 persons are expected to be killed and more than a million injured in traffic accidents across the United States.

When one of her truck drivers said to her, "Nobody can drive in New York City traffic without an accident," Pat snapped, "Nonsense! If you expect an accident, you'll have one."

An irrepressible optimist, she particularly deplores the scare statistics released by national organisations before holiday weekends. "This attitude is all wrong," she says indignantly. "It gives motorists a built-in crutch."

Pat doesn't think men or women should be taught driving by a relative or friend. "Good high-school driver-education courses or competent driving schools are far preferable," she says.

The controversy over the comparative driving abilities of men and women, of course, has raged since 205 BC, when the Romans passed a law prohibiting women from driving chariots.

But recently when someone asked Pat Gagnon, "If you were going as a passenger on a long trip and could choose a man or woman driver whom you knew nothing about — whom would you choose?", she smilingly replied, "I'd choose a man. I'm a girl first and a safety supervisor second."

— By Jack Harrison Pollack, in New York

FIVE COMMON FAULTS OF MEN DRIVERS

1. **INDIFFERENCE:** "They have an I-don't-care attitude toward other drivers, pedestrians, and such precautions as seat belts."

2. **PRIDE:** "They neglect to wear glasses when necessary, fail to compensate for reflexes slowed with age, and have a false evaluation of their driving abilities."

3. **PREJUDICE:** "They are shortsightedly

prejudiced against taxi, bus, and truck, as well as women, drivers."

4. **BAD MANNERS:** "They have temper tantrums and behave more boorishly behind the wheel than in homes or offices."

5. **INATTENTION:** "They too often take their eyes off the road to light a cigarette, fuss with the radio, or read a road map."

with awareness of the car ahead, the car behind, the car coming toward them in the opposite lane, the car around the corner they can't see.

I observed her while she accompanied many truckers on the road. To one tailgating the car in front of him in heavy traffic, she exclaimed with a subtle feminine innocence, "Gee, I always like to stay far enough behind to see the wheels of the car in front." He got the message.

When another driver had

him with so-called masculine logic: "A distance of about 40 feet is needed to make an emergency stop at 20 miles an hour."

"Following at only 25 feet is asking for an accident. You slam on your brakes too soon. But you can't steer a car with locked brakes. You have to cut your wheel first in the desired direction and then apply your brakes with a pumping action to allow you to steer."

With unending curiosity,

and hide contributory factors.

"Too many company supervisors, insurance companies, and lawyers look at an accident from a strictly legal point of view. Which vehicle struck the other? Which driver was at fault?"

"But this type of thinking is outmoded. Anybody who contributes to an accident helps cause it. We need a new code of accident responsibility."

Pat Gagnon's career began a dozen years ago, when she was a personnel clerk

ment, in 1962 Pat impulsively wrote and illustrated a booklet for supervisors in which she included 19 case histories of accidents where company drivers were at fault. The province of Quebec, among others, effectively used it to promote motor safety.

Pat, who was taught to drive at 19 by a male friend in Canada, has had two accidents since she got her licence. In both cases, she was hit by drunken male drivers.

But even where her own involvements are concerned,

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A time for first-night nerves

THE BURTONS' ROYAL PREMIERE

● When Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were presented to Princess Margaret at the Royal Film Premiere of their film "The Taming of the Shrew," Richard raised the subject of first-night nerves. "I hope you are not as nervous tonight, ma'am, as I am," he said. The Princess smiled and asked him: "Would you like to bet?"

For Elizabeth Taylor it was a night of special significance. She was celebrating her 35th birthday and was wearing her husband's gift — a \$A400,000 diamond-and-emerald necklace.



PRINCESS MARGARET speaking to Richard Burton, with Elizabeth Taylor and Sir Michael Redgrave looking on. Elizabeth, who outglittered everyone at the Royal Film Premiere, sparkled from her toes upward in heavily sequined shoes, and a matching bodice over a sequined gauze skirt, topped with a float coat. And she was ablaze with emeralds and diamonds — her husband's birthday necklace matched her drop earrings, bracelet, and ring.



JOHN MILLS and his wife arriving at London's Odeon Theatre for the Royal Film Premiere of "The Taming of the Shrew," starring the Burtons. Mrs. Mills, who is author Mary Hayley Bell, wore a red velvet coat with ermine collar and cuffs.



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA (above) in a flowing white Grecian gown, velvet coat, and feather headpiece, a guest at the Royal Film Premiere. Later she was presented to Princess Margaret. (See picture at top with Gina far right.)



MIA FARROW, at right, youthful looking in white organza trimmed with sprays of lily of the valley, was escorted to the theatre by British actor Laurence Harvey. Mia's husband, Frank Sinatra, who had hoped to attend the premiere, was delayed in New York.



MARTHA HYER, at right, was among the many stars presented to Princess Margaret before the premiere of "The Taming of the Shrew." The Royal Film Premiere is an annual event and the Burton film was the 21st to be shown to members of the Royal family.

QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC QUEST



● A formal banquet at the Southern Cross Hotel followed the crowning of Miss Betty Lim Saw Yim, of Malaysia, as Queen of the Pacific during Melbourne's Moomba celebrations. Her prizes include \$5000 and a world tour.

Sixteen entrants from the Pacific area and countries with close Pacific ties competed.

Announcing the winner, Prince Prem Purachatra, of Thailand—he and his wife, the Princess, were special guests for the Pacific Photographic Fair held in conjunction with the quest—said the girls had contributed much to understanding, goodwill, and hopes for peace between their countries.

— Pictures by Les Gorrie



● Queen of the Pacific, Miss Betty Lim Saw Yim, of Malaysia, whose ambition is to own her own beauty salon in her home city of Kuala Lumpur. She is 24.

● In brilliantly colorful gowns, Queen of the Pacific contestants from Korea, Miss Tok-Chin Kim; Japan, Miss Hiroko Wakaume; and Singapore, Miss Heather Siddons; with Miss Gorgia Reilly (second from right), who represented Australia in the quest, at the Melbourne banquet at which the winner was crowned.

THEY'LL MODEL FOR CARDIN

Blond hair, lack of curves were their passport to Paris

● Young Australian models Penny Pardey and Judith O'Connell — who fly to Paris in June to work for Pierre Cardin — brushed their long, swinging blond hair and said, "We're overwhelmed."

IT was their blond hair and fair complexions which caught the eye of Cardin — a couturier whose usual preference is for tiny oriental models.

And 20-year-old Penny, whose straight up-and-down figure used to be, as she says, "my problem," now finds it is her passport to Paris.

For Cardin doesn't allow his models to wear undergarments — and that means no bras.

"Once at a rehearsal I tried to sneak one on, but he caught me and made me take it off," said Penny. "His fashions leave no room for curves."

Her fresh and appealing ingenue look and her height — 5ft. 6½in. — are tailor-made for Cardin's young-image fashions, while the easy way in which she moves also impressed him.

"Australian models are too stiff," he said.

When asked what kind of work led to her invitation to Paris, Penny said modestly, "Oh, just the usual — some photograph work, fashion parades, television commercials."

Her photograph and Judith's were two of several sent to Pierre Cardin in Paris by the Australian Wool Board, from which he chose five Australian models to show his collection here.

Penny lives with her mother, Mrs. Daphne Pardey, and her brother, Campbell, 22, at Balmoral, on Sydney's Middle Harbor. She took up modelling only two years ago.

Sailing and sunbathing fill most of her spare time and there is a boyfriend although she said, "Would you mind if I don't tell you his name?"

She has often thought of going overseas, "but I've never seriously saved toward it."

"You can imagine how carefully I'll be watching every cent from now on. I'm going to brush up my school French, too. I studied it for four years, but it has got rather rusty."

By BEVERLEY COOPER

She and 24-year-old Judith O'Connell, who is married to Sydney fashion photographer Maurice O'Connell, agree that Cardin is a "fabulous" man to work with.

"He's very amusing and easy to get on with and doesn't seem to be temperamental, apart from the first day we met him when he told us he thought Australian models were old-fashioned," said Penny.

"He's very particular about how his models look — doesn't like false eyelashes or heavy make-up. He sent one girl away to wash her face. And hair must be straight and simple. He dislikes elaborately piled-up styles."

Penny will spend a year in Paris as a Cardin house model. Judith will return home after the spring collection is shown.

With her long blond hair, Judith could almost be a more sophisticated twin sister to Penny, although she is taller — 5ft. 8½in.

In a soft, rather English accent, she said, "I was really surprised when M. Cardin asked me to go to Paris, as he seems to prefer shorter models. I'm going to take a crash course in French so that I'll get the most out of my time in Paris."

Judith has been modelling only 18 months. "I trained as a copywriter in an advertising agency before I was married," she said. "After that, I thought I'd settle down to being a housewife."

She and her husband live in a little brick house, which they have furnished with antiques, in Bellevue Hill.

"But staying at home didn't seem very exciting after a while, so I took a part-time job as a house model at a department store," said Judith. "This led to other modelling jobs, including some for the Australian Wool Board."

Both Penny and Judith are ecstatic about the Cardin fashions.

Judith said: "I had a little dream the other night that M. Cardin asked me to choose one dress from his collection to have as my own. I said to him (just imagine being so ungrateful), 'Oh, no, I couldn't possibly choose just one. I couldn't decide between them. I want them all.'"



● French couturier Pierre Cardin with young Sydney models Judith O'Connell (left) and Penny Pardey, whom he selected during his Australian parades to model for him in Paris. Both girls wear Cardin designs. Penny will spend a year in Paris. Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

"Let's put humanity back into nursing"



PROFESSOR LITTLE

DOLORES LITTLE'S father was a logger, her mother a chocolate-dipper. It's an unlikely background to produce one of America's most distinguished nurses.

She is Associate Professor at the University of Washington School of Nursing in Seattle, and when I met her she'd just arrived in Australia to conduct Seminars on Team Nursing for the N.S.W. College of Nursing in Sydney and Canberra.

Her plane had been delayed, everything was running late; she'd been rushed into a storm of interviews, Press conferences, radio and television interviews, with hardly a moment to snatch a sandwich for lunch.

And ahead, that night, lay the first of many seminars scheduled for her jam-packed two weeks in Australia.

She sailed through it all with humor and vivacity, though she wished she'd had time to get her hair done.

She asked for an Australian beer to cool off, and drank it with the frankest enjoyment.

There's very little starch about Professor Little.

But her mission and her life's work are very serious—to elevate nursing to a proper profession, with commensurate conditions and pay, to help keep it abreast of the changing and expanding times, and, above all, to put humanity back into nursing.

As a little girl in Snoqualmie, near Seattle, she desperately longed to be a teacher, specifically a teacher of zoology. But there was just so much money for the "college education" almost every American family longs for for its children.

In many parts of the United States, nursing is a degree course, usually of four years. Dolores went first to the university for two years, then to a hospital for three.

She graduated in 1946 as a Bachelor of Science in Nursing. After wide and varied experience in nursing, she joined the University of Washington staff in 1959, and became a Master of Science in Nursing.

The four-year degree course in nursing at Washington and other American universities involves a good deal more than nursing prac-

By
KAY KEAVNEY

tice. It is a complete liberal education.

"It operates in exactly the same way as all the other university faculties," she told me. "Nursing is really all about people, and you need a first-class educational background to nurse intelligently."

Most American nurses, however, are still trained at hospital schools, as in Australia. "In my opinion," said Professor Little, "this means that nurses train at the patients' expense."

"Fortunately, in my view, this system is dying out."

"A third method is comparatively new. It's a two-year course in what we call community colleges, which also leads to registration."

"The students live at home and get their tuition free. Technically, the training is

To emphasise her point she made a film

excellent, and produces what I call the technical nurse as against the four-year-trained professional nurse.

"The two-year course is popular among women in the 35-plus age group, who have reared their families and want to make a career."

"In every way I'm for education of nurses in depth. Some, you know, are now going on to their Ph.Ds."

Along with her concern for the education and the rights of nurses, Dolores Little's greatest care is for the patient himself.

"I'm thinking of the whole patient, the person, the individual," she said.

"Too often, after a stay in hospital, you hear patients complaining, 'I practically never saw a nurse. No one came near me. And hospital's too noisy. And the food's horrible. And nobody told me anything.'"

"Nurses just don't have time to see the patient as an individual, with individual problems. They still have to occupy themselves with housework. And the technical aspects get on top of them—all the administrative and clerical work."

One solution, tried effectively by many United States hospitals, is to appoint ward clerks and even ward managers to relieve the nurse of clerical and administrative cares, and aides and housekeepers for the housework.

And the answer to the problem of putting the personal touch back into nursing, according to Professor Little, is team nursing.

It was to explain and debate team nursing that she came to Australia.

"Since 1952, many American hospitals have switched to this system. I understand two Australian hospitals, at Mona Vale and Canberra, work by it, too," she said.

"A senior nurse is assigned to a group of patients, and she'll plan their care from admission to discharge, looking at them as a whole person."

"She'll delegate jobs with the group to others on her team, and all confer on how best to help each patient."

"The head nurse participates physically. She's not above rubbing a patient's sore back."

"The team get to know their group—how they feel about being in hospital, what their fears are, how best they can be handled."

In 1963, Dolores Little highlighted the teachings of the team system in a dramatic way.

She wrote a film, co-edited it, and played in it as a harried head nurse faced with the kind of difficult patient every hospital knows.

Since then this film, "Mrs. Reynolds Needs a Nurse," has been seen by more than a million nurses and many lay folk throughout the world.

It is an absorbing little film. The hospital team involved play themselves.

The simple story tells of Mrs. Reynolds' entry into hospital, closely attended by her husband, and the manner in which her demands drive the staff crazy.

It is left to the most junior nurse to discover that Mrs. Reynolds is really terrified of dying and of being left alone.

The team consult and work together to understand the old woman's fears, understand her as a human being.

In the end Mrs. Reynolds does die, but peacefully and with human dignity. Her lonely little husband, whom the team allowed to help with her nursing, has at least good memories of her quiet end.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

HOW nice it is to see all those country and interstate visitors in Sydney during Easter. The Robert Ashtons from "Checkers," Cargo, are staying at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and also the Byron MacLachlans from Adelaide.

AND I hear that the Jim Maple-Browns from "Springfield," Goulburn, and the Cedric de Mestres from Harden will host a party for their sons, Richard and Michael, at the Pickwick Club on March 22. The boys, who both left The Kings School last year, decided to wait for their end-of-school party until now as there were so many at the end of the year.

WHAT a fabulous idea the Pitt Street Graziers (as a group of seventeen hosts and hostesses have called themselves) have come up with to repay hospitality to their many country friends. They have invited three hundred guests from all over New South Wales to a "Rum Rebellion" on Rodd Island on March 26. As well as a barbecue, they promise "drink and dust, food and flies, music and mirth, and birds and blokes."

HEAR that Judith Anne McManamey, of "Gundowda," Mudgee, and Dr. Eris Fleming, of Inverell, have announced their engagement.

ANOTHER engagement which will be celebrated at a family party on April 1 is that of Robin Bridge and George Webster. Robin's engagement ring is a single diamond flanked by smaller ones.

A THIRD one is that of Michele Old and Dr. Michael Cousins, who plan to wed in October. Michael's parents, the Hedley Cousins, leave on an overseas trip on March 25 and will arrive back about a week before the wedding.

AND a fourth (to be celebrated also at a family party) between Gillian Taubman and John Messenger. Gillian's parents, the Len Taubmans, of Wahroonga, are asking young friends of Gillian and John to the party at their home on April 8.

SCHOOL crests will be used as the main decorations at the Riverview Ball which the old boys are holding at the Round House at the University of New South Wales on March 28. The crest will appear on masses of balloons, on the menus, and at each table, where a replica will be attached to the tablecloth. Among pre-ball cocktail parties will be one given by Paul Burchall at his Cremorne home when guests will include Graeme Rogers, Margaret Towers, Chris and Leslie Fimm, Peter Clifton, Sue Donato, and John Vercoe.

JUDIE ANN JONES, who has been absent from the Sydney scene for seventeen months, will be welcomed home by her friends at the party her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jones, will give for her at their Vaucluse home on March 26. Her mother told me that she has been having a marvelous time seeing America, England, and motoring through Europe with two girlfriends, Anne O'Brien and Gabrielle Regan.



DINNER PARTY. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. L. George (at right) with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. W. Purves at the dinner party given by the Georges at their Canberra home on the eve of Rear-Admiral George's retirement from the Navy after thirty-four years. Rear-Admiral Purves has taken over from Rear-Admiral George as the Third Naval Member.

SO many parties last week for the Des Carrs, who are off on a wonderful eight-month trip abroad. They sail to Japan in the Tjiwangi, and then join the Boissevain for Hong Kong, Singapore, and Mauritius. After touring Europe, and spending five weeks in England and Scotland, they will return by ship via the French ports. Their two daughters, Judy (Mrs. Ian Morgan) and Louena, will join them in Noumea for the last ten days.

ANOTHER Sydneysider leaving us is Mrs. Muriel Carroll, who sails to Los Angeles and New York, and from there to South America, for an extended holiday in Mexico. She will arrive for their summer and intends to see as much as she can, on her first trip to Mexico.

OTHER lucky ones about to leave for overseas are sisters Jennifer and Anne Stainer, who hope to work for a while in London while they are there. They leave in the Canberra on April 4 for an eight-month holiday abroad and will stay with friends and relatives in London, Scotland, on the Isle of Wight, and in Vancouver in Canada. Their two-month stay in Europe includes a skiing holiday in Switzerland.

I LIKE the sound of the Cape Cod house the Donald Booths are building at Turramurra. They hope to move in at the end of June and are living, meanwhile, in the house at Palm Beach owned by Mrs. Booth's parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn. By the way, Mrs. Jenkyn had a postcard from her son, Phillip, who is holidaying abroad, to say he'd just had a month's skiing in Austria. He was returning to London to prepare for a trip to Russia and then planned to make his way home via America.

DATE for your diary . . . the Red, White, and Blue Committee's inaugural function, a cocktail party at 85 William Street, Sydney. The committee will work for the Australian Forces Overseas Fund.

AND a second one, the Post Graduate Medical Foundation Ladies' Auxiliary's annual luncheon at Newmarket Stables, on March 26. Following a parade of yearlings, a buffet luncheon will be served outdoors. This year's luncheon promises to be bigger and brighter than ever.

BELIEVE that Madeleine Thomson has been very busy for the past month or so collecting various articles for the house she and her fiancé, Graham Berry, have bought at Fairlight. They will move into it after their marriage on March 25 at St. Cecilia's Church, Balgowlah, and as a novelty will have their wedding reception there. After they return from their honeymoon up north, much of their time will be spent at auctions buying furniture which they will renovate themselves for their new home.



DINNER DANCE. The president of the Golden Years Committee, Mrs. Desmond O'Shea, and Dr. O'Shea at the dinner dance which the committee held at the Randwick Copacabana Restaurant. Proceeds benefited the Old People's Welfare Council of N.S.W.



ABOVE: The Mayoress of Manly, Mrs. David Hay (left), and Mrs. R. L. Klein at the Easter Fair at "Craig-end," the residence of the United States Consul-General. The fair and a buffet luncheon were arranged by the women's committee of the Australian-American Association.



ABOVE: Mrs. Clive Ogilvy (left) and Mrs. Donald Mildred with Mr. Graeme Inson beside his winning portrait of the president of the RAS, Mr. Philip Charley, at the preview of the RAS Art Competition held in the Arts and Crafts Pavilion at the Showground. Mr. Inson won the "Sir Charles Lloyd Jones Memorial" Art Prize for Portraiture.

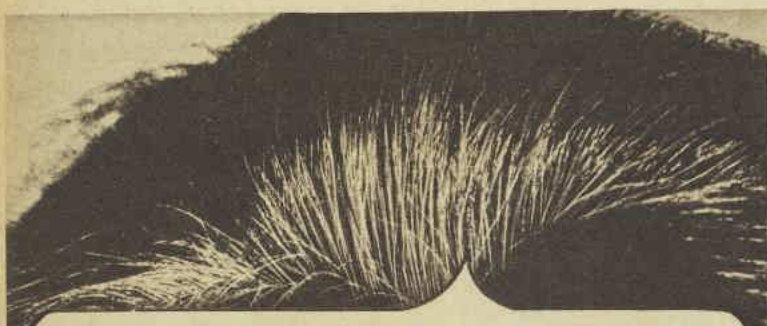
AT LEFT: Miss Sally McCoscan and Miss Cherry Anderson (left to right) with country visitors Mr. John Cunningham, of "Kilmour," Quirindi, and Miss Hannah Macdonald, of "Wallabadah," Quirindi, at the Peter Pan Ball held at the Hotel Wentworth to raise funds for the Peter Pan Kindergarten.

AT RIGHT: Among guests at the Loreto Ex-Students' Ball at the Round House at the University of New South Wales were Mrs. Stuart Roberts, Mr. Guy Lieutenant, and Miss Anne McHugh (left to right). Four debutantes were presented to the guests-of-honor, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Armstrong, and Mrs. Armstrong.





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● LADY BADEN-POWELL TO VISIT AUSTRALIA

The chief who lives in a royal palace

IN every country where there are Girl Guides there is a yearning to have their World Chief with them. A tremendous welcome awaits her everywhere, at a rally, a big jamboree, or perhaps just a small gathering of Guides in some remote corner of the world.

Sitting in her grace-and-favor apartment in Hampton Court Palace, Lady Baden-Powell told me about her forthcoming visit to Australia, from April 19 to 29.

It will be her fifth visit. And a rare note of regret crept in when she said, "If only I had more time! But it has to be a hurried trip."

The voice became bright again, with the

by ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

tone that carries all her enthusiasm to her Guides. "Never in my fifty years of travel in the movement have I had such a warm-hearted invitation.

"Look at that," she exclaimed, like a child with its first exciting present. "My fare, paid for by the Australians."

She held the air ticket tightly. "I've had to pay my own fare before. It has not always been easy. You see" (she dropped her voice to a confidential whisper), "I am the new poor. I live on a very small fixed income. But I make do."

"For fifty years I could manage to pay my travel expenses, but I cannot afford to do that now."

At 78, Olave Baden-Powell is the most loved of inspiring leaders, and in the movement which circles the world she is the most travelled.

Tirelessly this kindly woman, widow of the founder of the Scouting movement, darts here and there, descending to nest in Guide camps and houses; and, like a swallow in flight, migrating from the cold English winter to continue her Guiding in some sunny and friendly clime.

Lady Baden-Powell is gifted with a spirit of youthful enterprise that could make a mini-skirted mod seem old.

"I love Australia," she said, "Everything about the country — your outdoors, your freedom, your wholesome attitudes."

She first went to Australia in 1931, a year after becoming World Chief Guide.

"A generosity which I have come to value as the outstanding Australian quality touched us very deeply," she recalled.

"A gift of two magnificent horses to my husband was the first of the many open-hearted gestures. Black Prince, a beautiful horse, was to become quite famous. Lucy Kemp-Welsh used him as a model for some of her animal sculptures. All our children learned to ride on him. And now a hoof is mounted and rests with our souvenirs."

Lady Baden-Powell left her reminiscences for a moment to whip a letter from her pocket. "It's from my granddaughter who has settled in Australia. Hear what she says: 'I am working at a rehabilitation centre in a lovely suburb called Kew. I definitely feel this is a wonderful country'."

Wendy Baden-Powell is 22, an occupational therapist who went to Melbourne last September for the marriage of her brother Michael to Joan Berriman.

"So now I have two of my eight grandchildren living in Australia, and I will see



● The present Lord Baden-Powell, Olave's grandson Robert, with his Rhodesian-born wife, Patience.



● World Chief Guide Lady Baden-Powell as she is today, and, at right, with her late husband, the World Chief Scout, who died 26 years ago. They married in 1912, and their ages were 32 years apart.



them when I am there," said Lady Baden-Powell.

She had nine grandchildren until her daughter Heather's eldest boy lost his life when the Greek car-ferry Heraklion sank. He was drowned trying to help a seaman who could not swim.

Her husband died in 1941, and his eldest son, Peter, died in 1962. Peter's son Robert is the present Lord Baden-Powell.

His wife, Patience, joined the Guides on marrying into the family. They live near the Chief Guide, and Patience, in a smart Guide uniform, acts as her chauffeur.

The Chief Guide has a quality of selflessness that enwraps the whole movement in a world of kindly thought and service.

Her bearing is one of gentle dignity, understanding. One feels that the seven deadly sins have passed her by.

But touch her on one of her soft spots

WHEN WORLD CHIEF GUIDE

Lady Baden-Powell talks of her work, all details come quickly to her mind. Seldom in her busy day does she falter for a name, or date, or event. "I see a face and—click, I remember the person and all connected with the meeting," she said. "Yet I cannot remember a line of poetry, a passage of literature. In fact, I don't know the words of the Guide Song!"

or pet hates and she has a sharpish bark. To ask if she ever felt tired seemed natural (after all, she flies thousands of miles every year, visits a different country every few weeks, attends hundreds of rallies and Guide meetings, knows everyone by name, and has a work program that would make a businessman flinch).

But she rounded on me. "Tired?" she rapped out. "Tired? What do you mean, tired? I have no time to be tired." Those

words were only the opening salvoes. She kept up a rapid fire, aiming where it would — and did — slay me.

I retreated to a prepared position, and we talked on after she had assured me that she worked hard — "If that is what you mean when you ask if I am tired."

Then she was her warm and friendly self again, and she elaborated on just how much she can cram into a day. "When I am not travelling and attending three or four functions a day, I'm writing. I write on and on, letters, articles, drafts of speeches.

"My birthday letters are tied up in batches of fifty. Yesterday I wrote 150 'thank you' cards, and sat at my desk from ten till ten at night. My grandson, Robin Clay, brought me a cup of hot soup and I went on."

"I've a cast-iron constitution."

Even this broke down once, and to the Chief Guide's astonishment she was ill.

She still sounds astonished as she explains, "I had never been ill before, and I had neither pain nor warning. It happened in Australia, at Christmas. I was staying with relatives and suddenly I was in hospital. It was gallstones."

She had a rally to attend 18 days later. The Chief Guide made that rally. And that, her only illness, ten years ago, sparked off a most imaginative scheme which is wholly Australian, yet has brought great comfort and happiness to Guides in other parts of the world.

"Mrs. Curtis-Otter, in Australia, thought up the idea to commemorate my splendid recovery and the success of the tour," she said.

"Any Guide who bought an ice-cream for herself should 'buy' one for me. They sent me £300 ice-cream money. I couldn't get over it."

The Chief Guide paused to savor the joy she had felt on receiving £300 for herself, just to do what she wanted.

"Oh, how I would have liked to spend the lot on myself!" she said. "There were so many little treats I could think of. But somehow I couldn't bring myself to do this.

"I had just come from South America, where I was appalled at the lack of books for people who were just emerging from illiteracy.

"There they were, able to read — some barely able — and not a book to put their hands on.

"I flew into Mexico, saw the shops loaded

OLAVE BADEN-POWELL IS NOT

only a world figure but also very much a family, grandmotherly figure. Eighty-two members of her family, near and far relatives, including in-laws, sat down to a celebration luncheon on her 78th birthday on February 22 — the birthday also of the founder of Scouting, the late Lord Baden-Powell. (February 22 is now "Thinking Day," when sister Guides in every part of the world think of one another and spend some part of the day in meeting and in prayer.)

with books, and blew the £300. It was the greatest fun, rushing from one shop to another, parcelling the books up, sending them off."

To hundreds of young Guides in Latin-American countries, these are known as "the ice-cream books."

Lady Baden-Powell looked out on to the tiny roof garden of her home at Hampton Court and shivered slightly. "This is the first winter I have spent in England for many, many years," she said.

"I'm like the migratory birds — I go off to seek the sun and to work in other fields. But it has been a mild winter."

The apartment, a large one, was set aside for her in the romantic old palace by King George VI on the death of her husband.

You arrive there by Tennis Court Lane, and the court where the old game, father

of our lawn tennis, was played can be seen from her windows.

A small alley connects the lane and the apartment. You may walk through the unhappy Anne Boleyn's gateway, above which an immense clock chimes the hours.

And at night the imaginative can hear weird howls echoing through the narrow turnings, said to be of ghosts that stalk the parapets, but dismissed by the Chief Guide as nothing more than the howling of alley cats.

"There are more cats than ghosts around these apartments," she says, "and their howls would make you creep if you were not used to them."

Lady Baden-Powell is at home in the summer months to her Guides from all over the world.

She never takes tea or lunch or dinner alone when she is in England — for that, she feels, would be selfish indulgence. Instead, she invites her friends and relatives to join her at the series of "finger lunch" parties, which is her informal way of entertaining.

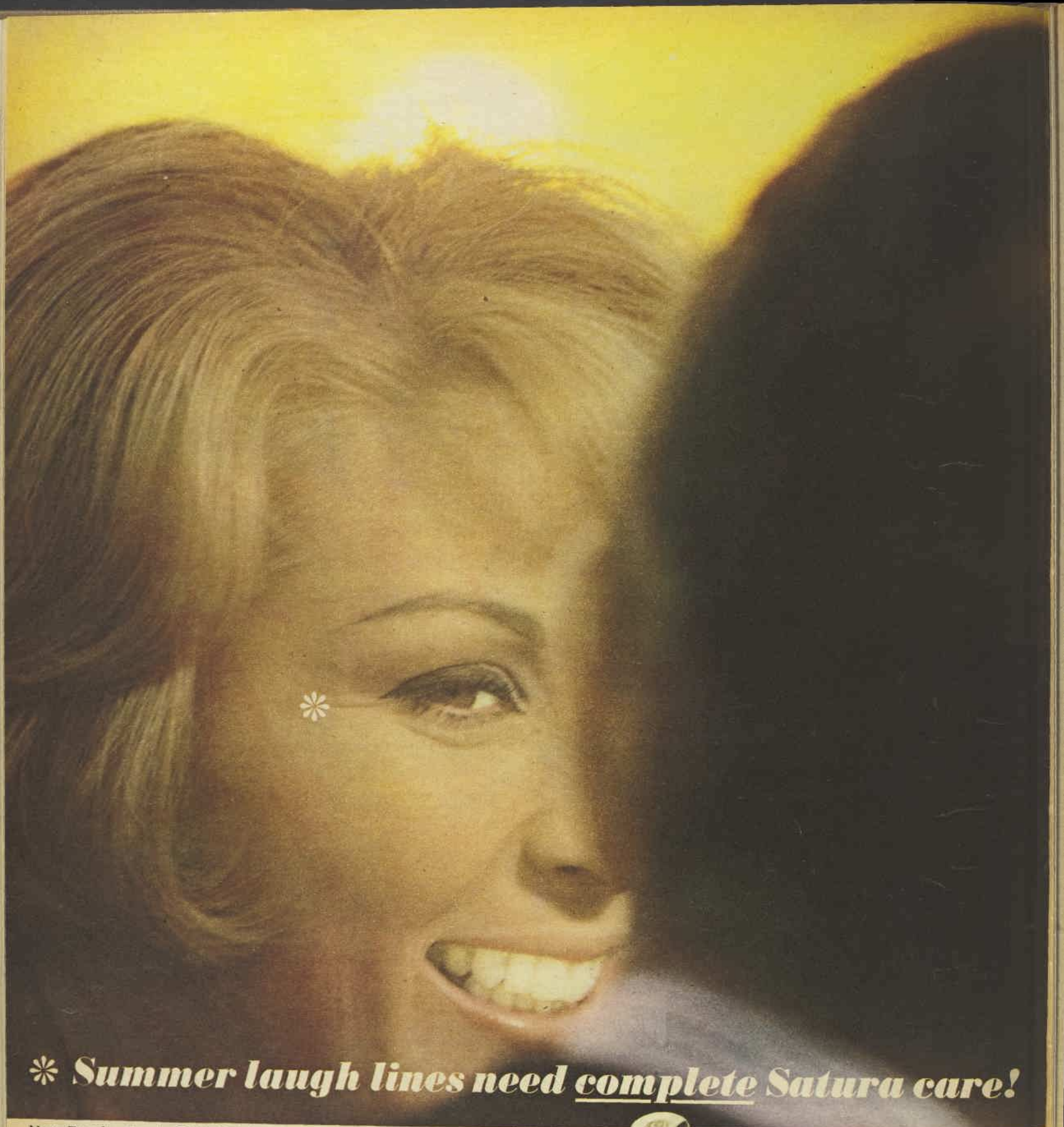
No professional may take photographs within Hampton Court, because it is a royal residence. But Lady Baden-Powell's Guides may take as many happy snaps as they wish, and the click of the cameras at the end of an afternoon ensures that the moment, usually the highlight of a Guide's visit to England, will be held for all time.

With that touch of imagination which the Chief Guide brings to all her work for the movement, she flew in the face of convention and installed, right in the heart of the palace, an austere "camp" where Guides and friends may stay.

Again this was inspired by the kindness she received when ill in Australia. "I invited the young girl who nursed me to stay at Hampton Court, and fitted a suite of rooms within my apartment for her and her friends," she explained.

The idea was such a good one that now the Chief Guide's friends come and go in this indoor "camp," with their own keys and privacy. Stripped to the bare essentials, the camp within the royal palace is easily maintained.

Down to the last floor rug and frying pan, it is all camping equipment.



* *Summer laugh lines need complete Satura care!*

Now Dorothy Gray's Gold Medal Award-winning Satura Moisturiser can be used with its own Freshener and Cleanser! Use this moisturising trio to replace the precious moisture summer has taken away from your skin . . . smooth out laughter lines that turn so quickly into wrinkles. Satura's Gold Medal Award and world-wide reputation have been built on results, not promises.

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Satura Moisturiser — available in luxurious cream or lotion, to soften and protect. Use under make-up and at bed-time.

available now at fine cosmetic counters throughout Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967



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THE Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1968 takes you, for an inclusive basic tour price of only \$A1708 (£N.Z.716, \$N.Z.1432), to 19 countries in 20 weeks (22 weeks for New Zealanders), with the added enjoyment of exciting shore excursions at the many ports of call.

The tour — our third — leaves from Sydney on February 4, 1968.

Your extended voyage to the United Kingdom is by way of Guam, Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Panama, Miami, and Madeira, with all of the P & O one-class liner *Orcades* for tour members.

It is the first time such a route has been offered. Travel experts at World Travel Headquarters have specially arranged this exciting itinerary after much research to ensure that tour members see the most sought-after places and cities at the most reasonable prices.

To complete the round-world trip, the whole of the tourist class of the *Canberra* is available on the return journey with extra stops at Gibraltar and Athens, also Singapore for duty-free shopping.

In each port, shore excursions, usually by chartered coach for economy, will enable you to see "the most" for "the least," yet allow sufficient time for shopping and independent sightseeing.

Our shore excursions and supplementary tours booklet, which will be issued to tour



● *Liner Orcades, the tour ship for the voyage to England.*

members in June, will give details and all fares to help you plan your travel budget well in advance.

Apart from day tours in Sydney and Brisbane for New Zealand and interstate passengers, the first excursions will be at Guam, one of the few places on United States soil that is a free port.

A drive round this tropical island will reveal its 5000 years of history and legend. You will also see the spot where Magellan and his crew landed in 1521.

At the Japanese port of Kobe, on the Inland Sea, there will be daily excursions.

Also available is a four-day escorted overland tour by coach and train, enabling you to experience the hospitality and beauty of Tokyo and Kyoto. You will rejoin the *Orcades* in Yokohama, the seaport of Tokyo.

If you prefer to stay on the *Orcades*, the time spent in Yokohama will enable you to visit Tokyo or the famous shrine resort of Nikko and later, perhaps, sample one of Tokyo's nightclubs.

After Japan, the *Orcades* sails across the Pacific to Honolulu, where there is a choice of many circular coach tours around the island of Oahu. Half-day tours will show the city and Waikiki, Diamond Head, luxury hotels, and beaches. Pearl Harbor can be visited on a three-hour cruise.

First American mainland port is Los Angeles, where day tours will show you the city and various places of interest, including Hollywood, film studios, Beverly Hills, Sunset Boulevard.

People of all ages can enjoy the fun and fantasy of Disneyland, which is easily accessible by coach. Return journey to the *Orcades* is through an oilfield.

An alternative excursion is Knott's Berry Farm, with its gold-rush village, ghost town with goldmine, the Calico Railroad, country stores, stagecoaches, wagon camps — all the Wild West re-created for the tourist.

You can sample the Mexican way of life in Acapulco, where half-day tours will show the beauty of this

WHITE CHRISTMAS TOUR

● If you would prefer an earlier European tour or a holiday with a difference, our White Christmas Party Tour offers all the wonder of a white Christmas in Switzerland or Rome.

You can travel in the *Arcadia* on its inaugural voyage in October via South America, calling at Durban, Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, Dakar, Casablanca, and Lisbon, or leave late in November in the *Canberra* via the Suez route.

You can return in January or, if you wish, stay until April, 1968. Convenient shipping connections to and from New Zealand and Australian States ensure this tour's popularity, with fares priced from \$A1170 (£N.Z.496, \$N.Z.992). How to book, at left.

world-famous resort. You can visit Calte and beaches, the Fort of San Diego, wander for hours in the fascinating local market, see the exciting cliffside divers from the Hotel El Mirador.

The voyage through the Panama Canal gives you an opportunity to travel overland and perhaps photograph your own ship during its progress through the locks.

Native dances

After an explanation of the canal's operation by an experienced lecturer, the overland excursion takes you to Panama City, with its plazas, presidential palace, and native markets. A splendid day's entertainment includes dances by costumed natives and a visit to the Summit experimental gardens, famous for their flora and fauna. You rejoin the *Orcades* after travelling through a countryside of lakes, mountains, and jungle reserves.

Miami offers day and half-day excursions — visits to the Ocean World Aquarium, Indian Village, lovely estate of Vizcaya, the Parrot Jungles, Flamingo Lake.

Out into the Atlantic to Madeira, famous for its hand-made lace and wine. You can experience the thrill of the famous toboggan ride from the top of the island to the town of Funchal. Perhaps you would like a glass of Madeira wine before rejoining the *Orcades* for the

last leg of the journey to London.

An interest-packed 23-day tour of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France offers tour members the best of Europe in the comfort of your own coach with the services of an experienced bilingual courier throughout.

A leisurely tour of England and Scotland with ample time to see the famous places you've longed to visit will be yours on your return from the Continent.

Highlights of the return voyage in the *Canberra* include Gibraltar and Piraeus, the port of Athens, with a day tour of Athens, including the Acropolis, Constitution Square, Unknown Warrior's Tomb, Royal Palace, Stadium, and National Archaeological Museum. Time for refreshments at Dionysus Pavilion, on Philopagos Hill, and shopping before returning to the ship.

Other tours will be to Daphni, Kifissia, Kaisariani, famous for its monastery, Sounion with its beautiful Temple of Poseidon.

Singapore offers a wonderful opportunity for duty-free shopping. Tours of Singapore Island and Johore Bahru, with a visit to the Sultan's Palace, are programmed throughout the day, and, if time permits, a typical Malaysian night with singing and dancing will be arranged at a leading restaurant.

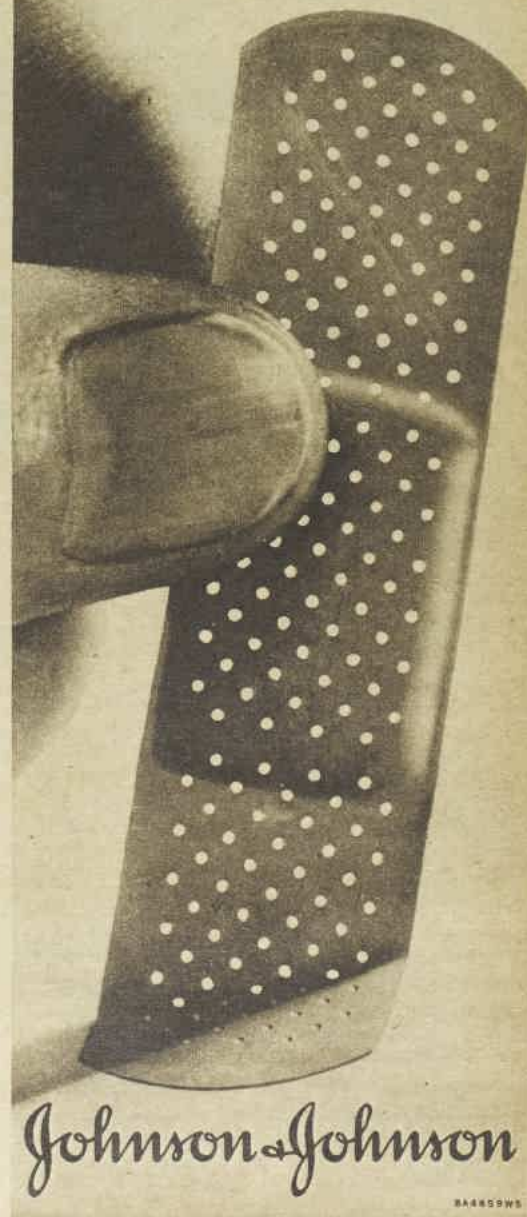
Some of our best ideas have holes in them.

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Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland — Northern Territory — New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

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HANDY LABELS INSIDE EVERY DECORATED CANISTER!

Inside every Sunshine canister there are two handy labels. Collect the set of six (BISCUITS, FLOUR, RICE, TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR) and use them on your empty Sunshine canisters for the happiest kitchen set you've ever seen!

BISCUITS

SUNSHINE SCONES

8 oz. S.R. flour
2 lev. tbsp. SUNSHINE
Full Cream Powdered Milk
Pinch salt
1-2 oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water approximately
Sift together flour, Sunshine and salt. Rub in butter. Mix in enough water to make a soft dough. Place on a lightly floured board. Knead lightly. Roll or pat out to $\frac{1}{4}$ " thickness. Cut into required shapes and bake in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes until golden brown.

NESTLÉ'S **SUNSHINE** FULL-CREAM POWDERED MILK

Frank Ifield and "Sound of Music"

THEY BOTH HAVE STAR QUALITY

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● "Sound of Music," TCN9's record-busting music show compered by Bobby Limb, scored a triumph recently with Australian singer Frank Ifield as its special guest star.

IFIELD sang a bracket of four songs: "Daybreak," "Funny How Time Slips Away," "Call Her Your Sweetheart," and "Please."

He sang with that happy lilt he gives to all songs and presented them expertly, smoothly, displaying the professionalism that has given him international standing.

Ifield was back home in Sydney for a season at Chequers, a demanding engagement that kept him singing solidly for at least an hour twice a night, at both early and late shows.

He was acclaimed night after night by the audiences. I thought that after the gruelling nightly job, recording a bracket of four numbers for "Sound of Music" would have been a snack — a job that took him only the time it takes to sing the songs, say 10 to 12 minutes.

Near perfection

How wrong I was. The four numbers he sang took 2½ hours to record, a demonstration of the work that goes into making "Sound of Music" the show it is, and Ifield the star he is.

Nothing is too much trouble, everything must be as close to perfection as possible.

Ifield is very proud of being Australian. Actually he is the son of Australian parents who happened to be in England when he was born.

Despite his years of living in England he has an indelible Australian trademark — he seems to carry sunshine with him.

When Ifield walked into the gloom of the big TCN9 studio round 3 o'clock on a damp afternoon, I immediately thought it must be sunny outside — he seems to give off an atmosphere of the outdoors, of fine, sunny days.



FRANK singing one of his numbers during his recent "Sound of Music" appearance. His four songs took more than two hours to record before he was satisfied.

He has put on about half a stone in weight since he was last in Sydney, bulks more round his broad shoulders than he did, but looks elegant as ever with his trim fair hair and gleaming teeth.

Ifield really does like singing. He hates to be stopped in the middle of any of his favorite songs. When he is singing he taps his foot in time, sometimes his right foot, sometimes his left, but he never stops still.

I was amused during the first rehearsal to see one of the cameramen, backing off rhythmically in time to "Daybreak" with Frank following the camera in, singing lustily.

With all the rehearsals — rehearsals with scenery, with lights, with cameras, and with compere Bobby Limb — it was hard to get a word in with Frank, who is always agreeable to talk to.

He had to cut his Australian season by a week to hustle back to London to head the bill at the London Palladium, where they are starting a new type of show, in which they have one big

star turn for a fortnight backed with a variety show.

He then takes off for an appearance on the "Ed Sullivan Show," shoots south to Nashville, Tennessee, for a recording session, and back to England and Blackpool for the summer season.

Frank is 29 now. He seems to have been where he is for several years, with the years giving him extra poise, extra polish. I asked him where he was heading professionally, what he wants to do.

"I don't really know," he said. "There was a time when I was young and stupid and I would have answered that question in detail, but now I don't know."

"I am obviously getting my share of engagements, but I don't know where the path is leading."

"I don't think it is good to plan too far ahead. You can come a terrific flop if you do."

"My object, generally speaking, is just to try to keep on creating, singing, improving . . ."

We had only got this far when his manager, Frank Warlters, called him away



FRANK IFIELD with "Sound of Music" compere Bobby Limb. Frank appeared recently on Bobby's show (TCN 9, every Friday at 7.30 p.m.) as a special guest.

Television

to confer with Bobby Limb and change for the recording of the show.

We never did finish the conversation, what with the recording in full cry and Frank's rush to get off, change, and be ready for the 7 p.m. show at Chequers.

Just briefly, though, between songs, he did add to it. Singing over my way, he said in a break, "I like musical comedy — good ones."

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT CALEB CLUFF, with dog Clive at heel, detecting in Gunnershaw (ABC-TV, Mondays, 8 p.m.) is a welcome change from TV's usual streamlined detectives and secret-agent men.

Quite apart from detecting, Cluff — Leslie Sands in real life — has a macabre fascination for me. I think he's a dead ringer for Sir Robert Menzies, say, 35 years ago, before silver hair, avoirdupois, and politics overtook him.

One thing I'd like to know is why Cluff calls his dog "Clive." It is an untraditional name for a dog, a quiet, docile animal that looks far more like a "Rover" or a "Spot."

A new deal for Lucille Ball

TV's multi-millionaire, that ball of fire Lucille Ball, has just found out how much she is worth — \$10,000,000. She got this price when she sold her 60 percent of the shares in Desilu Studios, of which she has been president for years.

Part of the deal Lucy negotiated with a giant movie corporation, Gulf-Western, is that she retains the presidency of the new company, still to be known as Desilu.

As president under the new deal she plans, she says, to make Desilu a major studio, producing big movies as well as TV shows.

Her plans would keep most women on their ear, but Lucy also is adamant that she will go on with "The Lucy Show," and her enter-

taining specials like "Lucy In London," recently on Channel 9.

Domestic life— on and off camera

"MARRIAGE LINES," ABC-TV, Wednesday, 7.30 p.m., a domestic comedy starring that endearing young pair Richard Briers as George Starling and Prunella Scales as his wife, Kate, has really come good with this present series. It is a delight.

George and Kate, a pair of champion worriers, have just had their first baby, a daughter, Helen. No one could describe this as a new situation, nor are its problems and worries, but they are presented with a freshness and reality that make them extra-good TV.

Every new set of parents, grandparents, and relatives in-between should watch this and see their own lives, past or coming, mirrored for them on TV. Only viewers with hearts of reinforced concrete would fail to enjoy this program.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Special outfit?
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Special occasion?

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MELTONIAN
COLOUR
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It's magic by Meltonian and so easy to do. This entirely new method of shoe colouring flows on smoothly, is there to stay. Never cracks or peels.

Colour Change old shoes, new shoes, fabric, mesh or leather (don't try suede or patent). And, when you change your mind, you can Colour Change it 24 times — at only 75 cents a time!

Meltonian Colour Change is at shoe shops and shoe repairers. Ask there for the "Shoe Colour and Care" leaflet that tells you how to make 38 extra shades by blending the standard colours.





DICK VAN DYKE speaks to a member of his all-girl army, while his second-in-command, Nancy Kwan, right, looks on in "Lieut. Robinson Crusoe, U.S.N."

WALT DISNEY'S HAPPY EASTER

A SKILFULLY mixed potpourri of everyone's favorite Disney cartoon characters with some live TV favorites for added sparkle, presented by fascinating Nancy Kwan, make up Walt Disney's "Easter Special."

It should make a real party top-off for Easter Sunday.

Dick Van Dyke in "Lieut. Robinson Crusoe, U.S.N.," a picture he has made since his famous TV show ended, is at his lanky, larky best and also appears with Julie Andrews in scenes from "Mary Poppins."

The other notable "live" is Sean Connery, straight from his James Bond epics. This time he is strictly a

lady-killer, with Janet Munro his lady-love. The scene they play from "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" shows Connery and Ireland at their best.

"Alice in Wonderland" has appeared in many guises recently, but there are few who quarrel or argue over the Walt Disney treatment of this classic — the Mad Hatter's tea party is the main feature of the Easter show — and "Winnie the Pooh," from A. A. Milne's famous book is also starred.

• "Walt Disney's Easter Special" may be seen on Easter Sunday, March 26, on TCN9 Sydney, HSV7 Melbourne, BTQ9 Brisbane, ADS7 Adelaide, TVW7 Perth, TVT6 Hobart, all at 6.30 p.m.



• Alice is entertained by the Mad Hatter and the March Hare at the famous "Alice in Wonderland" tea party, to be seen in "Disney's Easter Special" — a mixture of live shows and fantasy.



• Love blossoms for Katie O'Gill (Janet Munro) and Michael McBride (Sean Connery) in Disney's "Darby O'Gill . . ."



• Rabbit can't believe his eyes as a very sticky Winnie the Pooh finishes the last of the honey, in Disney's show.



Many a true word was spoken in jest

● The author of this cartoon wasn't psychic. He, or she, just knew how the cookies crumble—and fashions tumble. A staff member looking at recipe cuttings was tickled by the 1946 gag.

IN STEP WITH AN OLD FASHION

LEARNING to walk—or, rather, to shuffle elegantly—in the hobble skirts of the Edwardian era was an intriguing part of rehearsals for the actresses in "A Flea In Her Ear," current production of Melbourne's Union Theatre Repertory Company.

In "hobble" days it wasn't considered chic to wear a gown more than 28in. round the hem, and, although the action moves briskly in this French farce by Georges Feydeau, the actresses are not allowed an inch more.

Young Kris Frederickson, who designed the costumes, said: "I wanted them to be historically correct, even though this calls for quite some feats of balance."

'Like geishas'

"The actresses have learned to take tiny steps, without lifting their feet off the ground—rather like the way Japanese geishas move."

Mr. Frederickson found that materials with art nouveau patterns, so typical of the Edwardian era, were unavailable, so he set about hand-painting the costumes.

First the costumes were made up in plain material, and he sketched the patterns on when the actresses were wearing the dresses.

"I did this so that the patterns follow the curves of their bodies as they move," he explained.

Then the costumes were taken apart and the designs painted with French dyes.

Most of his designs were inspired by the famous French couturier Paul Poiret.



● Artist Napier Dunn at work

Soldier whistled — Queen was not amused

★ Handsome, versatile Napier Dunn, 31, has been globe-trotting for more than ten years — generally with a charmed life.

HE has washed windows of skyscrapers and climbed one of the world's highest mountains without accident. He has played in famous orchestras without striking the wrong note.

He has worked as a "lightning" sketcher without displeasing a vain customer. He has starred on TV without fluffing his lines.

BUT . . . When he did get into trouble once, it was — literally — a "right royal blue."

It all began when Napier was a 19-year-old in Durban, South Africa.

His father, then conductor of the Durban Symphony

Orchestra, arranged for Napier to enlist in the British Grenadier Guards. Napier played French horn in the unit's band.

One day, when the band was "booked" to play for the Royal Family at Windsor Castle, the young soldier's duties involved setting up music stands and putting out scores for the bandsmen.

Lustily whistling while he worked, he was suddenly confronted by a grim Director of Music.

Says Napier: "It seemed that the Queen didn't fancy my music."

"She had told the Director, 'The concert starts at 3 p.m. not two!'"

After his stint in the Army, egged on by his brother, a big-game hunter, Napier climbed Africa's tallest mountain, 19,317ft.-high Mt. Kilimanjaro.

Back in Britain, he played in the London Philharmonic Orchestra and did sketches of customers at Butlin holiday camps and at one of the famous Lyons Corner House chain.

Napier is currently working his way round Australia.

He has washed skyscraper windows in Sydney, starred in a Brisbane children's TV show, and played in orchestras.

Sketching all the time, of course!

COMPACT

RED FUN IN THE SAIL SET



★ From Russia, with style . . . You don't have to be a vulgar boatman — not with these his-and-her summer outfits on a nautical note, presented recently at a Leningrad fashion house.

13,000 MILES—FOR A FISH-'N-CHIPS MEAL

■ It was a great day for the Irish at Lake Rotorua, N.Z., recently.

There, 21-year-old Geraldine McHugh, from County Kerry, Ireland, wrote "le fin" to a really unusual fish story.

Fish-'n-chips story, really. Turning down a cash prize of £25 (\$62.50) on the English television show "Take Your Pick," Geraldine, a student nurse, won a packet of fish and chips.

But fish and chips with a difference:

She had to catch the fish

herself in Lake Rotorua, famous for its trout.

The TV show, an international airline, and N.Z. tourist officials helped get her to the lake on time.

She travelled 13,000 miles via Australia to keep a date with a well-conditioned, if unwilling, 2½lb. rainbow trout.

The victim gave in after only 20 minutes of fishing.

'BEST MOTHER'S DAY' CONTEST

● What happened on the best Mother's Day you can remember having?

WHATEVER happened, we would like to hear about it. Write about 200 words on "The best Mother's Day I've had" and post it in time to reach our office by the contest closing date, April 10.

We will pay for all letters published and will award \$50, \$25, and \$10 for the best three letters.

We feel sure that

many delightful things have happened on Mother's Days over the years, and that readers would like to share their experiences.

Maybe, as we will publish a selection of the letters and the prize-winning letters before this year's Mother's Day, families will get some hints as to just what makes up a perfect day

for the lady of the house.

● Address all letters to "Mother's Day," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. All letters must be received by April 10.

● We cannot return entries, so do not send postage.

● All who take part in

the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or members of their families.



The chips part was easy, and Geraldine enjoyed her trout cooked in natural geothermal steam at Rotorua's Whakarewarewa Thermal Reserve.

'Please Mr Steiner, how blonde can I be without looking bleached?'

STYNGED



As blonde as you wish.

From the most discreet hint of blonde
right through to the wildest blonde.
In one step too.

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as it lightens, it's the newest, simplest
blonding way in the world.

The clock tells you how blonde you'll be.
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Shampooed it. And revitalised it. You won't
find any of those brittle broken ends.

There's Super Blonde for that sophisticated
blonde look;

Gold Blonde for the sheen of flowing gold;
Auburn Blonde for a glow of warm copper
and Natural Blonde for the gentlest
suggestion of a lighter, brighter tone.

\$1-95 blondes you beautifully
with **Color Fair**.

Steiner

THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR CARE

Page 23

FACELIFT FOR 30-YEAR-OLD HOUSE



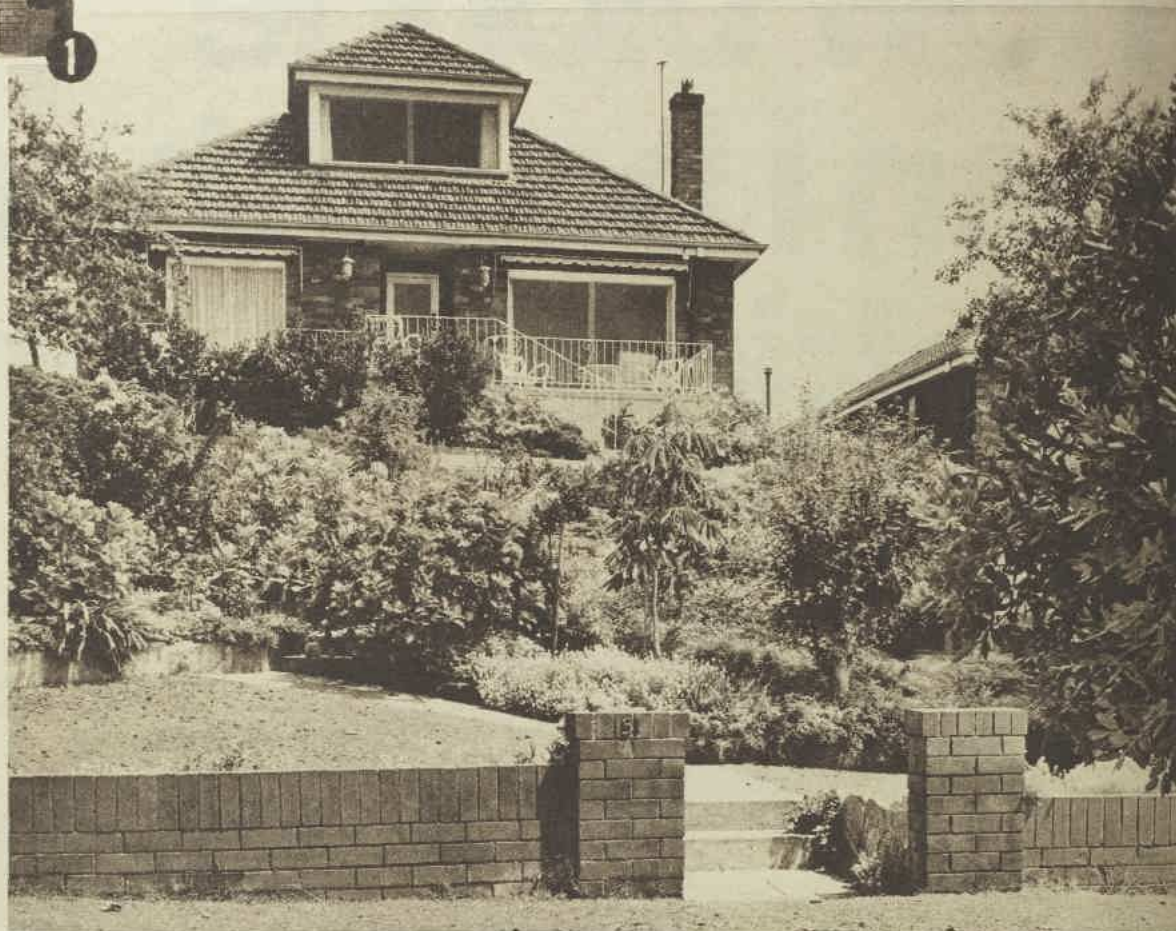
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Exterior

1. FRONT of Mr. and Mrs. R. Poole's house at Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W., before renovations (above) and (right) as it is now. Porch cornice and columns were removed, small attic and ground-floor windows replaced by large sliding ones, and a wide cement deck added.

2. REAR views of house (lower right) before and (below) after renovations. Sliding windows replaced casements in the kitchen and sunroom (now dining-room) facing left side of deck. New glassed section at end extends dining-room, makes winter suntrap. Roof is corrugated plastic.

3. DECK added to northern side takes advantage of view. Full-length sliding windows replaced casements, give access from sitting-room.



2



3





HOUSE of the WEEK

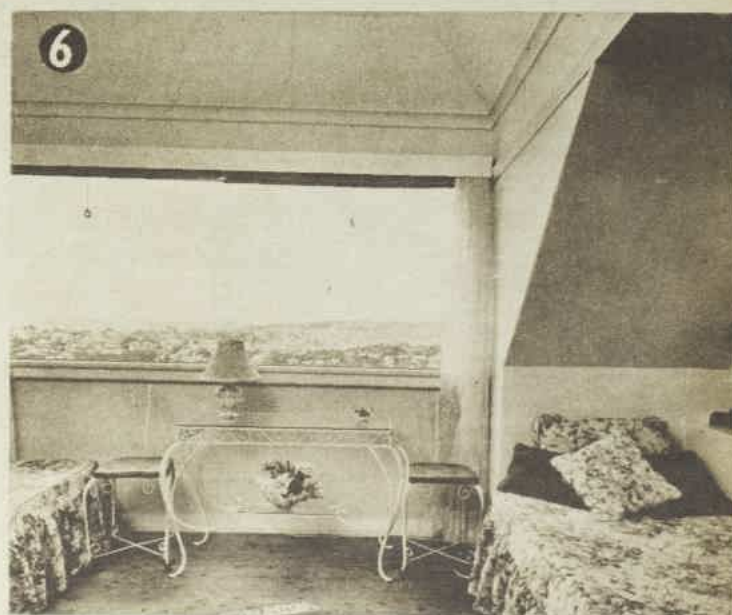
Interior

4. SITTING-ROOM was extended into old dining-room by removing centre wall. Picture windows reveal view only glimpsed from small ones they replaced, slide open for access to new deck. The Pooles removed a door, filled space with shelves (right) above hardboard, painted to match walls.

5. NORTHERN side of sitting-room. After removing wall at left Mr. Poole built bookshelves round one of remaining sections. Full-length windows (the one at left of arch slides open to side deck) are about twice as deep as old ones. High ceilings, an advantage of older house, needed only to be painted.



6. GUEST-ROOM was small dark attic room. The Pooles removed most of a vertical fibro wall at right of window, made space for second divan and built-in shelves. Behind opposite fibro wall (not shown) they built-in a wardrobe. Sliding windows replaced fixed window flanked by case-ments and fibro panels.



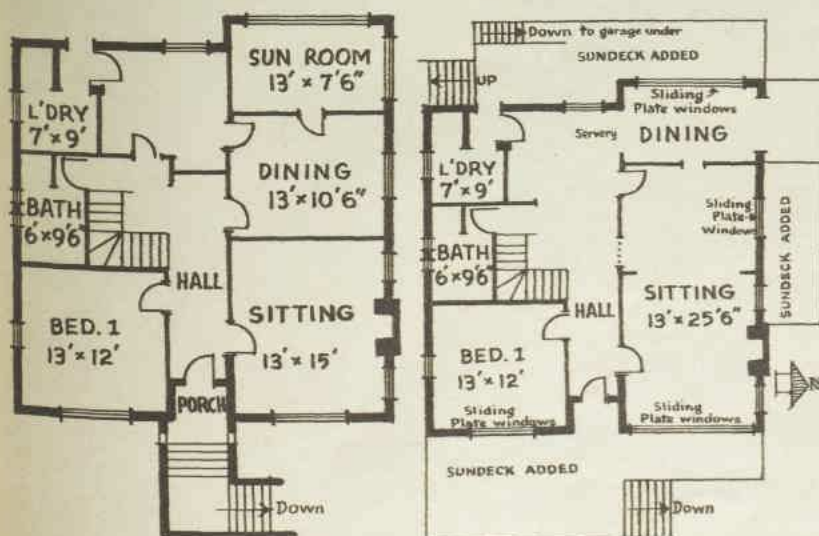
WHETHER to build a new house in an outlying suburb or buy an old one in a built-up area for the same amount is a problem many prospective home buyers face. Mr. and Mrs. Reg Poole decided on the latter course. They bought a 30-year-old house in Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W., and by means of relatively simple renovations and alterations made it into an attractive home with a considerably increased value.

"It was a dreary house," said Mrs. Poole. "The rooms were like boxes, with small casement windows, and there was not one veranda, only a quaint, tiny front porch. The site was high with a lovely view of Manly Pool and the Pacific Ocean beyond, but the builder had ignored the outlook. There was even opaque glass in the front door. Within a week after we moved in we replaced it with clear glass. Then, at least from the kitchen at the end of the hall, I could glimpse the water."

When altering their house Mr. and Mrs. Poole aimed to increase living space, bring in light and views and improve access from indoors to outdoors. They did most of the interior work themselves, not only painting and wall-papering; they removed walls and doors, and built-in cupboards, shelves, and a servery between dining-room and kitchen. To put in new windows and build decks on to the front, the rear, and the northern side of the house they engaged contractors.

Story: Ennis Honey

Photographs: Ron Berg



FLOOR PLAN before and after alterations. Note wall between kitchen and hall was removed to increase light and space, also door between sitting-room and new dining-room, which was formerly a sunroom.

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED

PARIS this spring is full of fun clothes gone couture, and every collection is showing the most delicious fashion fantasies.

The big headlines are pants — bloomers, culottes, pantaloons,

and pyjamas. Don't miss out on pants, they are the newest and often the prettiest thing a girl can wear.

Maison Dior is on an African kick. All the vitality of Africa is seen in tribal robes made in superb prints.

The Garbo hat is booming. For the hostess, there are dreamy dresses and pyjamas in loose, flattering shapes. The effect is sexy without being vulgar.

The new spring coif drips long curls or is worn high and smooth.

Legs are still showing and are interesting per courtesy of the new stockings, which can be plain, textured, or glittery. The Paris spring message is loud and clear — youth.

—BETTY KEEP

● Dior's spectacular chiffon evening dress (left) in sunset colors. Design's lines were inspired by an African chieftain's robes.



● Nina Ricci's culotte dress (left), made in gay flower-printed shantung, is worn with a Garbo hat. The ballooning sleeves are cuffed at wrist.



IN SPRING FASHIONS!



● Lanvin's after-dark bloomer-suit with a shirtwaister top is made in white organza and embroidered in colored silks and seed pearls. The waist is tied with a black ribbon.

● Nina Ricci's exotic flower-printed mouseline evening pyjamas (above) almost stopped the Ricci show. Note: The to-the-wrist sleeve is back in fashion.

● Lanvin's jewelled bodice and zouave trousers (right) make up one of the swaggiest fashions in the Lanvin collection. The long curly coil is spring news.



How to look more youthfully beautiful

A Beauty Consultant discusses ways and means to recapture and hold the beauty of your complexion.

A few minutes spent each day following these beauty care suggestions will bring you rich dividends of greater loveliness and assurance, enable you to look younger than ever before.

★ ★ ★

YOUR SKIN. Every woman secretly dreams of possessing a lovely complexion, and today your mirror can so easily confirm beyond a doubt that modern beauty science has successfully evolved a method of keeping your skin constantly soft, fine-textured and endowed with the dewy bloom of youth.

After the mid-twenties, most complexions gradually begin to lose the natural oil and moisture content that keeps a young skin smooth and supple. Now, however, the discovery of a tropical moist oil with a consummate influence on skin cells has been found to simulate nature's skin-beautifying processes and effectively combats the years so that your complexion can enjoy unprecedented and lasting beauty.



This moist oil is isotonic—balanced so that beauty elements are soaked deep-down into your skin, penetrating to the cells where replenishing oil and moisture is most needed. When smoothed over your face and neck each day and used as a beautifying base beneath make-up, tropical moist oil of Ulan provides all the nutriment and moisture required to resist tiny lines and wrinkle-dryness. Then, too, its natural hygroscopic properties serve to attract and draw in moisture from the surrounding atmosphere, so that the flower-like bloom apparent on your skin is maintained all through the day.

Nourish your complexion at night

An ultra-rich skin food is important, particularly after the age of twenty-five, when the vital elements needed to create a supple, smooth surface are in less ready supply.

Facial massage with Ulan vitalizing night cream at bedtime will bring the skin a velvety texture, fade away shadows and hold back dryness. Apply the cream lavishly and allow it to warm and melt its way into your skin. Use the cushions of your fingertips to smooth the cream in upward and outward directions, and gently coax it into the skin surrounding the eyes with a feather-light touch.

Cleanse without drying the skin

Cleanse your complexion with a gentle cleansing milk because, for one thing, it's quicker than a cleansing cream and, for another, it's the most efficient medium for removing grime and stale make-up. It softens and lifts impurities so that there's no necessity for rubbing the skin and it never dries the skin or removes the natural protective oils.



Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and neck in an upward direction. Work it gently round your nose, chin and hairline, where particles tend to accumulate, and allow the dissolving action of the milk a minute or two to float the dirt out. Then

rinse your skin in tepid water and pat gently dry with a soft towel.

See how quickly and easily your complexion takes on a new clearness, how soft and satiny your skin feels to the touch.

Toning brings improved texture

Toning is the reviving and stimulating treatment that brings fresh blood to the skin surface and rounds off the cleansing process by closing the pores and refining the complexion. Sprinkle lemon Delph skin freshener liberally on to a pad of cotton-wool and pat your face and throat briskly until the skin tingles. Toning and bracing the skin in this way is an excellent preliminary for beautifying and smoothing the complexion prior to applying make-up.

Your Make-up

This is the magic touch that makes a complexion come suddenly into full flower. Take care to smooth on a film of oil of Ulan before you blend a tinted base over your skin. The petal-flake foundations are superb. All you have to do is stroke on the creamy Evenmatt fluid make-up to create a breath-takingly beautiful complexion with a delicate, lasting bloom.

The Evenmatt petal-flake technique is particularly successful for covering unevenness of the skin, freckles, ageing lines and blemishes. A gentle blush of rouge on the cheeks comes next, and then the entire face and neck can be dusted



with Evenmatt powder to match the foundation used.

Your eyebrows should be groomed and lightly pencilled into shape, and a pretty shadow chosen to blend above the eyes. Use liner along your upper lids, and two coats of mascara on the lashes to make them look long, soft and feathery.

Apply lipstick with a blunt-tipped brush to achieve a clear, sharp outline, then fill in with colour from the tube. Blot with a tissue. For really long-lasting results, apply colour and blot a second time.

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

● The two-piece dress below, consisting of an overblouse banded at the hips and pleated skirt, is my design choice for lightweight wool.



6812.—Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6812. Price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE request for the design comes from Queensland. Here is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have some sheer wool in white and would like to make it into an overblouse and pleated skirt. I want the top banded in a contrasting color, probably dark navy. Could you let me have a pattern for such a design in a size 14, 36-inch bust?"

Illustrated above is the two-piece you wrote about. The top has a bateau neck and is banded at the hipline in contrast. The pattern also includes a flared and straight skirt. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have a small bosom and rather big thighs. This makes me look slightly out of proportion. What type of bra would give me the appearance of a bigger bustline? I don't want to wear a padded bra."

Try a bra that is lightly wired. This will help give you a high, fuller bosom.

"I need some new black winter shoes and would love to buy black patent. Now I wonder if patent is more appropriate for spring?"

Not any more. Patent in black and colors is an all-season fashion.

"I have a grey suit and want to wear it with a brightly colored blouse. Would you suggest a suitable color? I also would like advice on the color of evening shoes and bag to wear with a white crepe formal."

My choice would be red or violet for the blouse and silver for the evening shoes and bag.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967



*From the heart of the Living Peach — a promise!
Even under your make-up, your skin will be beautiful.*

You know it. Your skin is a tattletale . . . about your age. Even cosmetics can't hush it completely. (Besides — you can't wear make-up all the time.) Only thing to do . . . teach your skin to fib. And you can.

Because Innox has something very new, and very, very effective.

Scientists discovered active vitamins in the peach . . . substances used by the fruit for its own firm, ripe freshness. Innox chemists found a way to keep these vitamins active, away from the parent fruit . . . they called it, accurately, "Living Peach".

When it was applied to the skin, startling things happened. Skin freshened, firmed, filled out with moisture . . . in fact, grew younger!

Here was a major discovery.

But Innox went further.

With new ingredients developed in the research laboratories, they created specialised preparations to deal with every skin care problem a woman can have. And they blended each one around the Living Peach ingredient.

Cleansing Cream and Cleansing Lotion, truly thorough cleansers that leave your skin immaculate and healthy. Skin Tonic, to tone and stimulate circulation. Moisturising Lotion, worn under

make-up to give back silky moisture; Conditioning Cream for nighttime, to restore natural skin lubricants, and Vitamin Beauty Mask, to use weekly (and before a special occasion) — a fast stimulant treatment.

Together they work a change . . . a change in the age of your skin! Because each one contains living stimulants created by the peach.

Innox makes you a promise with Living Peach. A serious promise. Now your skin can, if you wish, be beautiful . . . even under make-up.



INNOXA
LIVING
PEACH



no matter how active...
you're always appealing —



New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling. Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment

or suppository form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids). Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.

N675



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Schoolgirls, 1927 style

MY heyday was in 1927, the year the Queen Mother, then the Duchess of York, first visited our shores. I was a tall, very thin first-year student of a convent in a country town. My friend was plumpish and not so tall. How we loved H.R.H.'s dressing. No longer were our blazers buttoned or left open, but pulled across and clutched over our left hips, and our regulation hats pulled, bent, and pinned into a "Lady Betty" style. A 60-inch rope of imitation pearls, bought through a mail-order catalogue, and looped three times around our necks, completed the transformation, which took place each morning as we (gracefully?) walked the mile and a half between sight of home and sight of school.

\$2 to "Remember" (name supplied), South Curl Curl, N.S.W.

"A" rating for solvency

THE reader who said people who pay cash have no credit rating was wrong. Everyone has a credit rating—and the place to find it is with the baker, butcher, milkman, electricity authority, and the bank. The fact that money is managed well speaks well for its manager. Only short-sighted firms dismiss cash customers as poor credit risks. They can all keep their A ratings. For my part I'll settle for peace of mind and solvency. For that I give myself an A-plus rating, any day of the week.

\$2 to "Payer" (name supplied), Elizabeth Grove, S.A.

A seat for the lady

IT was a crowded bus and no one was willing to offer a seat to the young housewife carrying a baby in her arms. A gentleman standing next to her leaned over to the nearest seated male passenger, saying: "I'm sorry, I didn't quite hear you." The passenger replied that he hadn't spoken. The gentleman apologised, "Oh, sorry. I thought I heard you say the young lady could take your seat." The young mother finished the rest of her journey in comfort.

\$2 to Mr. T. R. H. Clark, Inala, Qld.

Nothing inferior about HIS mumps

WHILE holidaying at his grandmother's, my five-year-old son had mumps. "Those silly old mumps are no good, are they?" she said sympathetically. "They should be good—I've just got them. They're brand-new," was my son's unexpected response.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Simpson, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume her verses on her return.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE BLOOMING OFFICE

GREEN-FINGERED Gwen

I leaned on her trowel. "There, I bet they haven't got a cactus like that in the advertising department," she said proudly.

Gwen is one of that devoted band of young women, the office gardeners.

You will spot the gardener at once when you go into a big office. She has a desk by the window.

Usually she starts off in a small way with a pot of cyclamen or something. What happens after that depends on the degree of encouragement.

If she goes about it tactfully, she will create a bower-like atmosphere at her end of the department. The

manager may like it, and say: "You've got the place looking very nice."

But she should not give the impression that she is neglecting her work for the garden. If the boss sees her digging, watering, and weeding every time he pokes his head out of the door, he will become restless.

A case of the over-keen office gardener is a girl I know named Julie. She used to be secretary to a shipping agent.

At first he appreciated Julie's efforts. She had some ferns and



coleus round her desk, and a crucifix orchid doing well in her employer's window.

Unfortunately she kept buying more plants. Most of them were climbing ones like Japanese ivy, which crept steadily round the office.

Julie would send the boys out to a nearby park to get paper bags full of soil. She established a compost heap in a corner and built it up with apple peelings.

Then she found a magazine article on "the planned jungle," and set about planning one. Soon she had big rubber-tree plants round the manager's office.

The crisis came when she brought in a bag of fertiliser. The place was reeking of blood and bone.

Hacking his way out through the tropical vegetation, the boss yelled: "Julie, it's got to stop!"

But Green-Fingered Gwen, though an enthusiastic gardener, never lets her plants take over the office.

A few months ago her department was moved to another floor, where there was no direct sunlight. It was a severe setback. Her African violets began to wilt.

Yet Gwen did not panic. She boarded out the African violets with Mr. Gay, who has an office on the sunny side of the building.

She is carrying on gamely with some hardy spider plants and philodendrons.

The world's offices owe a lot to gardeners like Gwen.

Tiny waist is not appreciated

HAVING a waist these days is a waste, if you'll pardon the pun. For years now women have been slopping round in shapeless shifts. I have a 22-inch waist that I can cinch into 20 inches, and I'm proud of it, as I have four children, including twins. So I, for one, would be pleased to see waists come back into fashion.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Lockman, Fairfield, Vic.

Which way to take it?

WHEN shopping recently I met a woman with whom I had worked more than 20 years ago. "I would have known you anywhere," she said. "You haven't changed a bit." As I am now over 60, the point is—do I look younger than my age, or did I look an awful hag then?

\$2 to Miss Marjorie Norris, Carnegie, Vic.

Inexpensive gifts for overseas

HAS Mrs. Ory thought about buying some beautiful color slides to send overseas as her typical Australian gift costing not more than \$2? They cover every aspect of life in Australia—city, country, beaches, and flora and fauna.

\$2 to Mrs. Aileen Menere, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

PLAYING cards are universally popular, and an Australian-manufactured pack decorated with stylised corroboree dancers makes a handsome gift. An absolute novelty would be a tin of kangaroo tail soup. Bracelets, pendants, etc., made from Pacific seashells and specimens of Barrier Reef coral are other ideas.

\$2 to "Selection" (name supplied), Midland, W.A.

MOST women are interested in recipes from other countries, and many excellent cook books are published each year by mothers' clubs and other organisations. For \$2 I bought a selection of opal chips, which I sent to an

artistic friend. She was charmed, and made two miniatures from the pieces. For another I bought a coffee cup which had been decorated by an Australian artist. The cost was \$1.50. Excellent reproductions of Australian paintings are also obtainable, and I sent another friend a map of Australia, which she has had framed.

\$2 to "Gift-Conscious" (name supplied), Toorak Gardens, S.A.

CARDS of Australian gemstones are inexpensive (approximately \$1.50 to \$2), are easily packed, and cost of postage is light. I have sent several of these to England, and have received glowing letters of appreciation.

\$2 to Mrs. I. A. Vaughan, Port Pirie, S.A.

MY suggestions are paperback editions of Australian books or an EP record of ballads or folk-songs.

\$2 to Audrey Baxendale, Southport, Qld.

Continuing from last week . . .

No Glass Slipper

By MARGERY HURST, the typing
"Cinderella" who made a million

● This week's story begins with English-woman Margery Hurst already at the helm of a million-pound secretarial agency, the Brook Street Bureau, which she built up from nothing. She has emerged triumphant after the humiliating break-up of her first marriage and her early struggle to establish a business to support herself and her baby daughter, Gillian, whose father deserted them. But her second husband, eloquent, hard-headed barrister Eric Hurst, has proved a tower of strength in both her business and her private life. So "Cinderella" has become a big-time tycoon, and her agency the biggest of its kind in Britain. Now read on:



SELF - MADE MILLIONAIRESS
Mrs. Hurst, who began her once
tiny business with a £50 stg.
overdraft and a baby to keep.

IN the late 1950s and early '60s a new kind of secretary turned up in Britain and knocked at the doors of Brook Street Bureau.

She was tall, well-built, and usually pretty. She had a combination of efficiency and independence of thought which made her ideal for temporary work.

And when she opened her mouth to speak, the interviewers took a gasp, then said — "Oh, you're Australian."

When Australians come to Britain they are treated at first with caution, then later, after they have beaten us at our own game, with some respect. And the first batch of Australian secretaries who poured off the ships at Tilbury and Southampton took London offices by storm.

When I realised there was a country on the map which not only produced top-line secretaries but actually exported them — I decided to investigate.

So with the idea of bringing to Britain more of these girls, and helping them with secretarial jobs as "temporaries," I made a deal with one of the big shipping lines. The company agreed to charge minimum fare in the off-peak season and I would sponsor up to 5000 each year.

In 1962 I set off for Australia.

I expected to find eucalyptus, sheep, provincial cities, and the segregation of the

sexes. In fact, a country which was rather worthy but dull.

But when the liner steamed into Sydney Harbor I found a country of staggering physical beauty, a city skyline second only to New York's, and a noisy, democratic society who didn't care whether I was a duchess or a barmaid—so long as I wasn't a typical "pommy."

When my Australian representative told me there were seven or eight women reporters waiting to see me, I was a little nervous — till I learned that at least five had worked for Brook Street Bureau while abroad on working holidays.

"What do you think of Australian secretaries?" they all asked me. "Delicious," I said. "They are so wholesome they remind me of fresh brown bread and butter."

This made the news and probably overcame some of the reserve Australians might have felt toward me as an Englishwoman.

This reserve came as something of a shock. The first problem was the very English image of Brook Street Bureau. I quickly toned it down.

I learned that you can't kid an Australian, because it's part of his nature to take everything with a grain of salt. He is shrewd and deeply suspicious of anything that smacks of Old World patronage.

The Australian businessmen I met were mostly astute, progressive, and will-

ing to listen to something new.

But there was a tendency to believe America had a copyright on new ideas; they didn't really expect them from Britain. Also, an English bureau or secretary had none of the snob appeal it did in America.

The Australian businessman didn't frankly care where the girl came from, or whose label she wore — so long as she did the job efficiently.

By European standards Australia was raw, brash, even quarrelsome. But its youth and vitality excited me. I suddenly wanted to

put down roots and grow with it.

At home in Britain I would have fought this issue right down the line — particularly on behalf of the married women themselves. But in Australia I was a guest and an outsider. So I had to take it on the chin—for the time being, anyway.

We opened the Sydney branch and hoped for the best.

Only the Americans are as hospitable as the Australian people. They took us into their homes, and, once they had vetted us for any sign of stuffy, pretentious man-

"Their wives?" he said at last. "Are you out of your mind? We don't invite women to this type of function."

"Well," I said sarcastically, "I'm a woman, aren't I?"

"Oh, no," he reassured me, "you're a freak."

It's all very easy to blame Australian men for their rather contemptuous attitude to women. But I came away with the impression that a little of this resulted from the women themselves.

I gained the impression that Australian women don't fully understand their own strength yet.

Back in England my family and friends were pleased to see me, of course. But what pleased them even more were the clothes I brought back — particularly summer casual wear.

On my next visit I was commissioned to buy bikinis, playsuits, sundresses, etc. And the evening dress I bought in Sydney was described as a knockout by everyone.

The next time I crossed the Pacific something happened to make me glad of my sex — not a lesson I expected to learn in Australia.

After a particularly arduous tour through the States I was both exhausted and pressed for time. So I flew direct from San Francisco to Sydney — an 18-hour flight. And by the time the aircraft touched down I was almost in a state of collapse.

It was 8.30 a.m. and, due to some mechanical prob-

In Australia

put down roots and grow with it.

But the greatest problem of all was the difficulty in employing temporary secretaries. This was a trade union matter.

In Australia an ancient trade union law classified temporaries as casual or weekly labor.

They could only work by the hour if they received double pay. In all other cases they had to be paid weekly and be given a week's notice in lieu.

This completely knocked on the head the temporary business as it is known in the West.

Naturally, it would affect the volume of my business, and it cut right across some-

ners, they just treated us as one of them.

Australian men have an offhand manner with women.

With the shipping agent, I was discussing arrangements for a luncheon for some travel agents the following day. I was to address the gathering and was nervous that the dining-room was not large enough to seat the 240 guests.

"No, no, Mrs. Hurst," he kept repeating, "the number is 120, not 240. That many can easily be seated."

"But it's 240," I argued. "One hundred and twenty travel agents, plus their wives — that's two hundred and forty."

For a second he stared at me in a state of pure shock.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

No Glass Slipper

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

lem, all passengers had to remain inside the aircraft for one and a half hours before disembarking. The temperature inside was high, but we just had to sit there like a batch of rotisserie chickens.

Just before they released us it started to rain. Because of a long drought this pleased everyone except me. I staggered across the tarmac, only just aware that the rain was filling my shoes and plastering down my hair. All I wanted was a bath and sleep.

My Australian representative was waiting for me with my pub-

lic relations officer. So were several reporters. And before I had a chance to empty my shoes or even comb my hair I had given three interviews and made two broadcasts.

As we drove away from the airport I gave a large sigh and said, "I'm going to bed and I don't want to be disturbed for anything."

"Not until three o'clock," said my PR calmly. "That will leave enough time to get you to the television studio by 4 p.m."

"But this is impossible," I said,

almost in tears. "Just look at me."

"I'm sorry," she said firmly. When they returned they pleaded and bullied, they shoved and tickled—but I was almost comatose.

They decided to dress me. Then half-leading, half-carrying, they took me down to the taxi. Where I promptly fell asleep again.

At the studio I stayed awake long enough to be dragged into make-up. My eyes wouldn't open, but my legs moved.

But they all ignored my protests and led me into the studio.

They found me a chair. And as I sat down a voice from somewhere out in limbo said — "Good afternoon, Mrs. Hurst. It's so nice to meet you." I prised open my eyes to see the most handsome, charming interviewer I'd ever seen in all my life.

In that second the most remarkable change took place. I took a deep breath, my eyes opened wide, and all my tiredness fell away — just as though I had slept around the clock. "Good afternoon," I said brightly. "It's nice to see you, too."

From then on I was as bright as a dawn sparrow. After two minutes with a fascinating man I was ready to spark.

But at least it showed me that a woman is never beyond the influence of the opposite sex. She is never too busy, never too tired, never too old, never too anything to remain indifferent — and this was good news.

But I was worried about the Australian secretaries going to Britain. Over the past two years there had been an appalling drop in standards. Some of the girls now coming to Britain were very much younger, about 17 to 18.

Their speeds were poor, they lacked experience, and they were badly damaging the fine reputation of their older sisters.

It's easy to understand why Australians want to travel so early. They have an independent nature, and salaries are high enough for them to earn the fare across the world quite easily. Yet Australia is such a young person's country they must find an enormous difference abroad.

Not only can they swim most of the year round, but all sporting facilities are unequalled anywhere, I'm sure. I was astonished at the way young people take tennis courts and golf courses for granted when even in the U.S. these are available to surprisingly few. So it's easy to understand why Australia produces crop after crop of brilliant sportsmen.

It's been said that if Australia were to recall her singers from abroad then half the opera house in Europe would collapse.

"Haemorrhage"

London galleries are full of work by Australian painters; and actors and film technicians have infiltrated the BBC and many of the West End theatres.

Here is a small nation that by talent alone could conquer the world. Yet one can't help feeling no country can possibly afford such a haemorrhage of talent because actors, writers, painters, and singers — they are the lifeblood of any nation.

I decided the time had come to look for a solution to the problem about employing temporary secretaries, and went to see the Minister for Labor.

This man listened very patiently to my story, then he said — "Very interesting, Mrs. Hurst, but what does your trade association think about it?" I had to tell him there was no such body.

He explained this was a serious difficulty because it meant there was no official spokesman. When I suggested trying to form an association he laughed. "A splendid idea," he said, "but you are leaving at the end of the week."

Back at my hotel I was glum.

I thought of a plan. Another agency in Sydney was sympathetic to it and we joined forces.

We sent telegrams to every bureau in the country and asked them to send representation to an urgent meeting to be held before I returned to Britain. Could we all get together, I asked them, to lay the foundations for a federation? Divided, we were nothing.

Then the action started. Representatives poured in from every State and I can't tell you how delighted I was.

I left the meeting feeling very optimistic indeed.

Driving back to my hotel I reflected on how much Sydney had grown even since my first visit. New buildings were every-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

THIS FEELING COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S

This is about the smartest thing grown-ups ever learned from babies: Johnson's after a bath or shower. It keeps you cool, fresh, comfortable. And the famous Johnson's perfume helps: it has the cleanest, nicest smell ever captured in a talc. In fact, grown-ups in Australia actually use more Johnson's than babies do. We hope babies don't mind.



Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you



Interesting lamp

I WONDER if you would tell me something about my vase (illustrated below). The glass is transparent with gold tracery and it has two hand-painted panels.—*Judith Brown, St. Peters, N.S.W.*

This beautiful Victorian "Bohemian" style vase was made about 1850-1855. Both the portrait and the floral motifs are hand-painted on an opaque enamel ground (cased enamel). The clear body is delicately treated with a floral and leaf motif in gilt. Glass of this nature was made at Bristol and Stourbridge in England, while similar examples were made in France and also in Bohemia.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified. Valuations are not given in this feature.



Victorian vase

OUR TRANSFER



CIRCUS motifs for children's clothes are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c for postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me any details of my lamp (illustrated at left)? The pulley chain runs up into the top bowl and is stamped "Angle Lamp Co., New York. Patented U.S. and foreign countries." It is thought this lamp was used on a ship before it came to our family about 50 years ago. — *Mrs. L. M. Carey, Taree, N.S.W.*

This interesting American lamp, which appears to be in its original condition, was made between 1890 and 1905.

I HAVE an old marble clock which keeps excellent time. It has several brass mouldings, and on the back are the letters L and G. Under the top moulding are the numerals 18 and on the bottom of the clock are the numerals 6296. — *H. J. Murphy, Shepparton, Vic.*

Your clock was made about 1880 to 1890.



Marble and brass clock

This simple Carnation recipe makes 4 exciting casseroles...all different, all delicious!

It's easy. Make up our basic Mushroom Noodle recipe. Then add tuna and tomato. Or chicken and almonds. Or salmon and asparagus. Or seafoods to make a meal to suit any occasion. When you use Carnation Evaporated Milk your casserole will stay creamy and moist to the last savoury mouthful. *Carnation, the 'milk from contented cows'.*



SEAFOOD SUPREME



SALMON ASPARAGUS CORN CASSEROLE



TUNA TOMATO BAKE



CURRIED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM AMANDINE

New! Easy-to-open can
Now the Carnation can has a raised rim.
It's easy to open with any can opener.



Follow the basic Mushroom Noodle recipe, adding the extra ingredients to make these four casseroles.

Basic Mushroom Noodle Casserole

6 oz noodles or thin spaghetti, cooked and drained; 1 packet cream of mushroom soup; 1½ cups (¾ oz can) undrained Carnation Evaporated Milk; ½ cup finely grated or parmesan cheese.

1. Empty the packet of mushroom soup into a saucepan. 2. Add 1½ cups water, stirring to blend to a smooth paste. 3. Add the Carnation Milk and bring to the boil over a medium heat, stirring continually. 4. Arrange the spaghetti

or noodles in a 2 pint casserole. Pour in the sauce, toss lightly with a fork. 5. Sprinkle with cheese. Place in a moderate oven 350° Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for 25-30 minutes or until heated through and golden brown on top. Serves 6.

How to add the extra ingredients

Tuna Tomato Bake

Before topping with cheese in step 5, add two tablespoons sliced stuffed olives, 1 cup coarsely grated or diced cheese, a 7½ oz can

drained tuna and 1 medium tomato peeled and quartered to noodle/sauce mixture in step 4. **Curried Chicken and Mushroom Amandine** Add 1 dessertspoon curry powder with the soup mixture in step 1. Add two cups diced chicken, an 8 oz can mushrooms to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4, top with ½ cup of sliced almonds and then sprinkle with cheese.

Salmon Asparagus Corn Casserole Add an 8 oz can drained sweet corn kernels, a 10½ oz can drained asparagus crosscuts, a

7½ oz can drained and flaked salmon to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4. Top with 1 cup bread crumbs and then sprinkle with cheese.

Seafood Supreme

Add 1 dessertspoon curry powder with the soup mixture in step 1. Add an 8 oz can drained crabmeat, ½ lb. shelled deveined prawns and ½ lb. halved cooked scallops to the noodle/sauce mixture in step 4, then sprinkle with cheese.

I've
stopped
singing
the
blues



"Time-of-the-month" used to be a real nuisance—with all that paraphernalia and everything. Glad I switched to Tampax. You know what? Besides all the advantages they talk about in the ads, I find I'm just plain happier!

Tampax gets many, many letters reflecting the enthusiasm the younger generation feels for this product. In fact, Tampax itself is young! (Still under thirty!) It's made for the young in fact and the young in spirit. It lends itself to all kinds of activities—it is never blatant or noticeable—it makes you feel clean, fresh, secure, poised—and millions love it!

Why not turn to Tampax menstrual tampons? Worn internally, it's the modern way!

Your choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

If your child
is irritable...

Try this for
overnight recovery

When kiddies grumble and squabble, wise mothers suspect childhood constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep your children regular. But, when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes, given at bedtime, work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy.

Only 35 cents (3/6).

No Glass Slipper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

where and you could almost see the skyline shaping up before your eyes.

Australia is a giant. The dynamics of the country are staggering, and each time I leave I know it will have changed before my next visit. I believe it has the greatest potential of any country in the world, and it's coming up the straight like a rank outsider.

An example of this is the telegram I received from my Sydney office just as this chapter was started: "Trade Association formed today—congratulations."

MY love affair with America began when I was 18 years old. The moment I touch down on American soil I feel young, exhilarated, and in some way special. The warmth, liveliness, and curiosity of the American people react on me immediately.

Also, to any person wishing to expand, America is the greatest challenge in the world. It is the toughest, richest arena for anyone who wants to prove himself. And I wanted to do just that.

To tackle anything big you need a certain amount of self-conceit—otherwise you'd shrug off the effort and settle down to grow roses. So when I first went to New York with the idea of opening a branch, I had more confidence in my ability than a thorough understanding of the situation.

Staying at the Pierre Hotel I decided the first thing to be done was hire a manageress. So I asked permission to quote the hotel's telephone number in my advertisement, and launched into phase one.

The next day the inflow of calls was so great it jammed the entire switchboard and nearly had me thrown out of the hotel. Only the boxes of chocolates I ordered for them appeased the staff of telephonists. But this interest in my business made me more conceited than ever.

For the next few days I interviewed dozens of girls and arranged for an office suite. Then I flew back to London pleased to have accomplished so much. All I needed now was permission from the Treasury to transfer enough money. And that was where I met my first surprise.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hurst," said one of the officials of the Bank of England, "but you are asking the impossible." I could hardly believe my ears.

I explained that a big American multiple was already operating in Britain, and transferring English secretaries to America. I wanted to compete, and to do this I needed a branch in America. But they were still unconvinced.

"Unless you can actually prove you will show a profit within two years then we are not prepared to let the money leave the country," they said. "Where is your guarantee of success?"

Of course, no such guarantee was possible.

The last thing I wanted was to go back on my arrangements in New York. I said, "With one typewriter and a £50 overdraft I have already built up a successful business in Britain, and I'm sure I can repeat my success in America."

"You don't seem to understand the implications of opening a business in America," said one of the officials. "It's completely different from Britain." And so on.

But in the end I won. Instead of \$30,000 I had asked for, the Bank of England had decided to give me \$50,000. The letter explained how they felt I had underestimated my needs in a difficult market.

When I think back on all the optimism that filled my heart on that next trip to New York, it makes me wince. Never did a lamb step so jauntily toward the slaughter.

The launching of the New York office was a stunning success. We received excellent publicity, Eric was congratulated on his brilliant advertising campaign, and a rival firm even sent me flowers on the day of the opening—everything was perfect. And the business lost \$33,000 in the first six weeks.

The reason for my failure was simple enough—I just hadn't done my homework.

To begin with, the great difference between the two countries was that, for secretaries, Britain is a seller's market. The shortage of well-trained girls there is acute. So when hundreds of girls answered my advertisements in New York it seemed logical to think that firms would follow. I didn't realise at the time I was in a buyer's market.

Another mistake was inaccurate costing. I had been warned everything would be more expensive than in Britain—in theory, about two and a half times. But the reality was even more severe.

"Small frog"

The final mistake was that I overestimated the value of my name in a new country. I was a small frog in a very large puddle, and I had to start at the beginning.

As the weeks passed, things went from bad to worse.

And so, after all those years the fight was on again! It was midsummer in New York; I was 3000 miles away from home and friends; there was no well-trained chauffeur to drive me from one appointment to the next; and I was 15 years older than the girl who had once knocked on office doors to sell "the best secretaries in the world" to Britishers.

And I don't mind telling you I was very frightened.

At first I tried traditional selling methods, like direct-mail. Then I learned American firms were already getting 20 or 30 such letters a day, and the majority went into the waste-bins unopened.

Then I decided there was only one way to sell my business to the Americans. It was the hardest way of all.

I had to approach each individual large firm myself, and convince them one by one that I had something special to offer. Looking back on what that entailed makes my bones ache.

First I drummed up every single contact I could think of. Then I dressed up in my best clothes and went out to meet anyone who would help me. I should think I had more lunches at the 21 Club than any other woman in New York. But the irony of it was that I only knew company presidents, and they couldn't directly help me.

What really happened was that by starting at the top of the tree I had to work my way down the executive structure of a company, through vice-presidents, directors, heads of departments, and so on until I finally struck oil around the level of the assistant personnel manager.

It would have been funny if it weren't for the exhaustion this caused.

By the end of the day I was not only hoarse but I had actually lost weight—sometimes as much as a couple of pounds.

Most salesmen start at the bottom of the ladder and work their way up to the presidents, and I would change places with them any day.

Then I had my first lucky break. At a party, I met the

quick whereas the English one is calm and reliable. Both, in the higher calibre, are extremely efficient.

On the other side of the desk I believe the American boss is everything a girl could wish. He is generous, kind, and unusually sensitive to the little foibles of women. He has a knack of making a girl feel needed—something not so common in England.

Never once did I hear an English girl complain about ill-treatment from an American firm.

But discontent about their social lives was very common, one reason being the completely false picture they had of the country before they arrived.

An English secretary carries in her mind an image of the new country as depicted in films and mazzazines. She believes she will now embrace the dolce vita of country clubs, swimming-pools, and sun-bronzed men all panting to marry her. Both the people (she thinks) and the consumer goods will be larger than life. It will be a blend of "Seventeen" and "James Bond"—and one big ball of glamorous fun.

In fact, she finds the social life of American cities is not so different from London, Birmingham, Manchester.

Living is expensive; she is no more important than the millions of others who stream out of offices and factories—so she feels lonely and depressed.

So I founded the SIS Clubs (Society for Interna-

she has done exactly that. But she wouldn't tarnish her integrity for all the money in the world.

Americans are an emotional race, and they have a personal optimism which is very attractive to Europeans.

Yet the interesting thing about them is the way they positively crucify themselves with self-criticism. Churchill once remarked there was no need to ever criticise the Americans because they do the job so much better themselves.

I felt at times they took this criticism too far.

"Finest brain"

As I see it the best type of American has no equal anywhere. Their true intellectual has the finest brain, he has breadth of vision, yet he manages somehow to retain the humility and curiosity of a high-school boy.

What fascinated me most of all was the contrast between American and English children. By English standards American children are somewhat lacking in discipline, demanding, and distinctly precocious.

But somewhere in their middle teens these youngsters turn into well-integrated, articulate young citizens, whose sense of responsibility and genuine courtesy astounds me.

For anyone who has a plan or an idea he wishes to develop and offer the world, America is the place to go. Certainly the competition there is tough—there's no doubt about that. But if the idea has any merit the Americans will seize upon it and develop it to the full. This is done not only for personal gain but because there is a generosity and enthusiasm in their natures that makes them wish to see something succeed simply for the sake of success. I will always be grateful to them.

ON one of my visits to Sydney I carried a letter of introduction to a leading businessman. I telephoned this man and, quite unthinkingly, did something which was common practice in America and Europe but not acceptable in Australia.

"Could you name a day when you are free to lunch with me?" I asked. And the pause at the other end of the line was one of shock rather than contemplation.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hurst," he said at last, "but I would prefer you to have lunch with me." And when he added—"I'll bring my secretary along, too"—I could hardly believe my ears.

Refusing to let me buy lunch was one thing, but the offer of a chaperon was too much.

"I'm sure your secretary is a charming girl, and I'd like to meet her, but not," I said firmly, "at a business lunch." He laughed at that, and I thought the matter was ended.

When I arrived at his office we spent some time discussing business. Then he glanced at his watch and

In America

personnel director of one of the largest chains of hotels in America.

This man liked my story, and he invited me to call at his office the following day to meet his lower echelon.

They agreed to try my service immediately, and at the end of one month this man was so delighted with the competence and suitability of the girls from Brook Street Bureau that he telephoned.

From then on he introduced me to other personnel directors with his blessing, and that is how we began to make progress. This man's introductions really put the bureau on its feet.

Not very long afterwards, I took out the books and ran an eye down the list of clients. To my astonishment it read like a commercial Blue Chip. Brook Street Bureau had crossed the Atlantic, and after a rough crossing was now safely in harbor.

The bureau now handled a mixture of English girls who came to the States for a working holiday, and American girls who wanted to join the team.

The Americans, I find, have a better shop window than English girls, but are sometimes not so good at applying the knowledge they have. Both are friendly and helpful, but if I had to generalise I would say the American girl is lively and

tional Secretaries), which are now world-wide and provide advisory services and social amenities for any travelling secretary who cares to join.

Nobody likes to be told she is conceited, even if it's true. I know I get very enthusiastic about things and sometimes over-emphasise the points I am trying to make. But when I come home crowing with delight at something that has gone well, my family pull me back into line. "Look out," they nudge each other, "Bighead is at it again."

Recently I was interviewed at my country house by a woman journalist who asked what I considered my worst fault. I noticed Nanny (sitting in the most comfortable chair). She sees none of the children's faults and all of Eric's and mine.

"Nanny," I said, "what's my worst fault—now, be honest."

She thought hard for a minute, to the rhythm of two plain, two purl. "You're conceited," she said, "but you're passable in most other things."

"Perhaps Mrs. Hurst has some things to be conceited about?" the journalist suggested. "Everybody has," came the philosophical reply, "but I see no reason to encourage it."

Nanny would give her life for the children—indeed,

No Glass Slipper

CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE



MRS. HURST in her 60ft.-long drawing-room. Her white linen dress is by Balmain of Paris.

said — "What about that lunch date of ours?"

His secretary — who was a charming girl — said good-bye to both of us, and I was about to pat myself on the back for breaking a strange Australian convention. But my congratulations were a little premature.

As we walked down the corridor from his office he tapped on the door of a senior executive and shouted — "Coming, Joe?" So he was chaperoned instead.

I was amused to meet such old-fashioned attitudes in a new country. But when we arrived at the entrance to the Royal Yacht Club for lunch something happened which turned my amusement rather sour.

Following the two men, I was heading for the members' entrance when my host suddenly stopped.

"You'll have to use the back door, ol' girl," he said. "Women aren't allowed to enter the club through the front."

I tell this story not because it typifies Australia but because it is an example of the odd pockets of resistance to women you still find when you work in a man's world.

And in fairness I must add that in Australia I was actually allowed on the floor of the Sydney Stock Exchange — a privilege no woman has in London.

Throughout the world new doors are opening for women, but many still remain closed.

When Germany was defeated at the end of World

War I, British soldiers, rejoicing at the armistice, did not realise that another war was being fought at home in their absence.

Not until they returned home to find their wives and sisters working in offices and factories did the truth sink in. As well as cooking meals and rearing children, women showed they could keep a ledger and work on an assembly line. The sex war was well under way.

A chance

Gradually women were accepted as part of the workforce. And the men consoled themselves with one thing. "Women make fine typists, receptionists, and filing clerks," they told each other, "but, thank heaven, we'll never see them in the boardroom."

Most women were content with homes and families — and a very good thing, too. But what the men did not see was that by allowing the women into offices and factories they were giving them a chance to prove their value.

Ninety-nine out of 100 would give up work and settle for matrimony, but the 100th was different. She would watch, listen, and soak up all the knowledge she could. One day her employer realised with a shock that nimble-fingered Miss Jones could not only type a letter but also dictate it.

She had become indispensable to the running of the firm and something had to be done about her.

Times have changed and some firms today are prepared to train a handful of women executives. But in my opinion 90 percent of the women in industry who reach management level still enter the firm as secretaries.

The door to a man's world still has to be approached indirectly.

This is one reason why I bring my daughters up to believe they must fight to make it a woman's world as well as a man's.

It's not that I want to push them, or any woman, into a career. The figures show that many don't want it, anyway. But they must help pave the way for the small number who do.

This small number are vital to the country's economy, and they are also the thinkers of the woman's world.

Twenty years ago when I started my tiny business in Brook Street I never, in my wildest dreams, imagined I was heading for big business. I never wanted to compete with men and I still don't.

But little by little, as my business expanded, I found myself almost forced into taking a stand about the right to enter a man's world.

Some of the businessmen I met treated me in a half-quizzical, half-patronising way.

"Well, well," they would grin, "so the little lady's a tycoon. And how do you shape up with a pan of bacon and eggs?" They would urge me into rising to the bait.

Just after a feature on me appeared in "Financial Times," Lord Drogeda, proprietor of the newspaper, invited me to lunch with a number of businessmen in the boardroom.

During lunch he looked at me directly and said he thought a woman's place was in the home, not in business. Several others chipped in to have their say, too.

At first I began a heated defence of my sex. "Who said a woman's place was only in the home, on what authority . . . ?"

Then I caught the twinkle in my host's eye and realised I was being teased. "You're absolutely right," I agreed with them. "And please regard me as a feminist, not a suffragette, because I adore men."

I fell into another trap because of the man seated next to me, the chairman of the world's largest stock-broking firm. He was a delightful person and we made friends immediately.

"Our firm employs a number of secretaries," he confided, "and because of the responsibilities involved we pay very high salaries—up to £50 sterling per week with bonuses. Could we meet again, Mrs. Hurst, and arrange for your firm to supply us with staff?"

Back at the office I crowed to my staff — "When you can pick up an account like that over the lunch table,"

I said big-headedly, "you're doing very well indeed."

"What's the name of this firm?" asked one of the others. And when I told her there was a chorus of laughter from everyone.

I didn't understand why until they showed me the file. We had had this account for years.

If some men are a little patronising to women who dare enter their world, the ones who annoy me most are those who admit you have earned your place there, but only because you are a freak.

"For a woman," they smile, "you've done quite well." And the implication is you've made it in spite of your sex. For there is still tremendous prejudice.

Much worse than the mockers are the men who accept your right to enter a man's world but take it one step further by treating you as one of the chaps. This terrifies me.

In business life I don't believe sex has any significance at all. And any person, man or woman, who tries to use sex as a weapon is to me both irritating and small-minded. In business dealings I am no more aware of a person's sex than the size of his feet.

I do make an effort to treat a man in business with a certain amount of respect for his sex, that's true. A man's dignity is more easily wounded when a woman, rather than a man, is dealing with him.

A woman in a man's world

But around the conference table it is ideas that count, not gender.

Britain is slowly changing and women are beginning to trickle into top jobs. Perhaps they have to fight to prove their worth, and often they have to accept a lower salary than a man in the same job would earn. But they are getting there.

In the U.S. it's better still. Not only do women have more opportunities at executive level but they are not considered odd-balls once they make it.

In America I am treated quite naturally as a woman who runs a business as well as home and family. I'm not a genius or a freak, or a suffragette — and I find it most refreshing.

Germany seems the one country where women are kept very much in their place. In spite of their enormous expenditure on furs, jewellery, and foreign travel, it's the man who foots the bill. As one German explained to me — "In my country," he said, "we don't allow a wife to work because it indicates she has come down in the world. Her place is in the home."

Yet out in the East women have been working beside their husbands for years.

Long before China became Communist, the Chinese

women knew all about earning a living. They worked in the rice-fields, of course, but they also had a thorough understanding of the abacus if their husband was in trade or commerce.

Great-aunt

Some made outstanding businesswomen, but nobody, even in the West, ever questioned their ability to run a family as well.

It just goes to prove that a woman is whatever a man makes her. She will adapt her life to his requirements. In the odd cases where a man wants to stay at home with the children while she becomes breadwinner — then she will adapt to that, too.

A great-aunt of mine who lived in New York was a wonderful example of this.

At the age of 21 or 22 she married a man whom she loved dearly but who never did a day's work in his life.

So she went out to work as a schoolteacher and he stayed at home to bring up their three children, and the arrangement worked perfectly.

They adored each other. When he died in his sixties, she followed him three weeks later.

There are more women in a man's world than we ever hear about. I discovered a clump of them, some time ago, and it surprised me.

I walked into Barclay's Bank in Bishopsgate, London, feeling in the mood for a pat on the back. The

manager there had seen me through the early struggles, and now the business had done so well I was feeling rather a bigshot.

Inside his office I said half in jest, "You'd better treat me with great respect now. I must be your biggest woman client."

"Mrs. Hurst," he laughed, "I not only respect you, I have a sentimental attachment for you because of your great achievement in so short a time."

"But you are by no means my biggest woman client. I have at least ten women in Petticoat Lane whose accounts are larger than yours."

That taught me a lesson about self-importance.

If men occasionally lift an eyebrow at the sight of a woman in their territory, women are genuinely pleased for me, and regard me as a sort of representative of their sex. Their pride in my achievement touches and humbles me.

Working in a man's world has brought me excitement and challenge. It's enlarged my vision, and developed the logical side of my nature rather than the emotional one.

But for relaxation and pleasure I return very happily to my woman's world, for that is where I belong.

Nothing is sadder to me than the women who take on a man's job and become so masculine in their attitudes that they turn their back on their own sex.

For a woman's world is much more than babies and recipes. A woman's world is also a fun world, full of small, amusing things.

Perhaps the talk is not always about intellectual pursuits of heavy subjects, but it's very human.

I enjoy the realism you find among women and the way it's laced with little bits of gossip and friendly scandal which would probably bore and irritate men.

I love both my worlds now, and if I'd had to lose my women friends by entering a man's world I would have been very much the poorer.

It's interesting to watch the way a woman who throws in her lot with the opposite sex invariably loses her attraction for them.

Men may admire her brain and business acumen, but she loses their affection.

A man may grumble over feminine illogicality at times, and the way she is given to occasional bursts of emotion. But the moment she slaps him on the back and says, "I think you'd better stick to the facts, old boy," he is appalled.

A woman who becomes too much like a man both bores and frightens him.

Since the early days of our marriage, when Eric struggled to tame my impulsive nature and teach me the principles of logic and self-control, we have come a long way together.

But, in spite of all the excitement of fulfilling our ambitions, I won't pretend our life has been one big, glorious bubble of fun.

It hasn't. Because as well as pioneering a new type of business and building it up into a large company in 20 years, we have also been pioneers of a new and difficult relationship—that of a working partnership between man and wife.

There were times when it was a great strain on both of us.

Now that most of the hurdles and disappointments are past, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the fight is won. But I'm just as aware of the pain and struggle — in memory it's just as intense. Winning the war has not made me any braver — in fact, just the reverse.

It's rather like remembering a major surgical operation. You are proud that you managed to come through without crying.

That is why if I were offered the chance to live my life all over again I would have to refuse — unless there was a firm guarantee that I could again have Eric, my husband, at my side.

THE END

From NO GLASS SLIPPER, by Margery Hurst, published by Arlington Books, London

SIMPSON ELECTRIC! ELEGANT!!

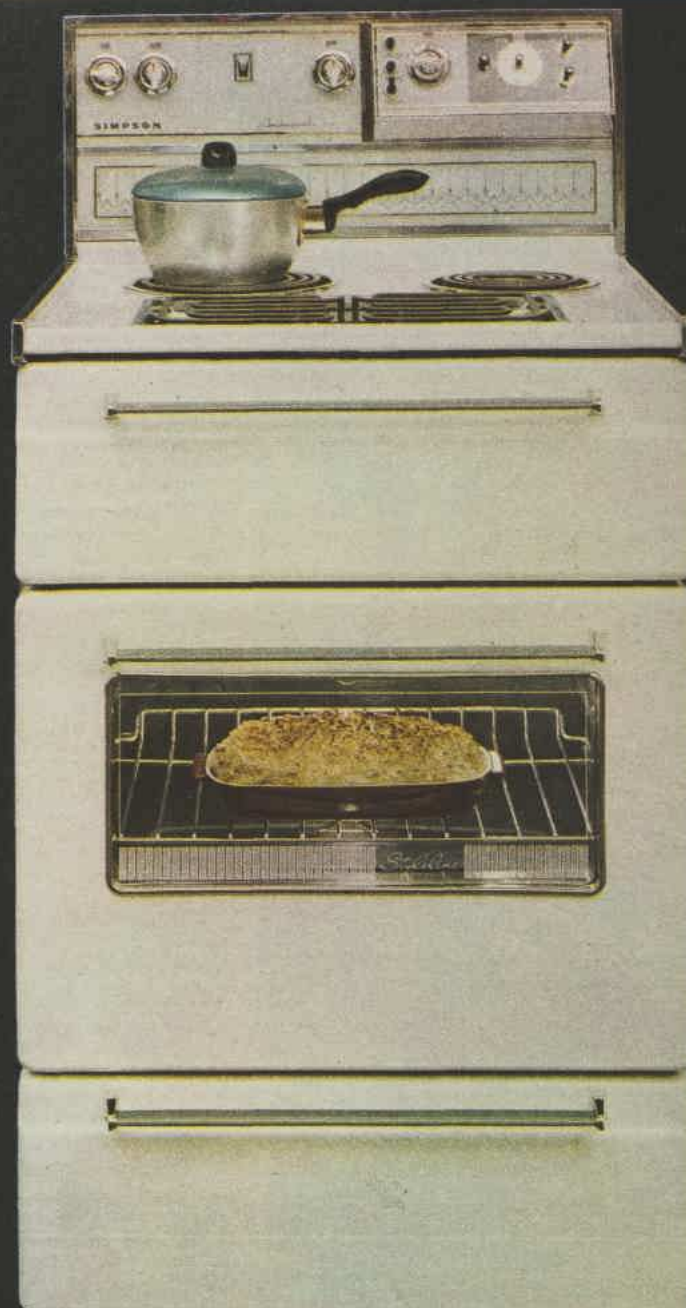


BOSTON DELUXE

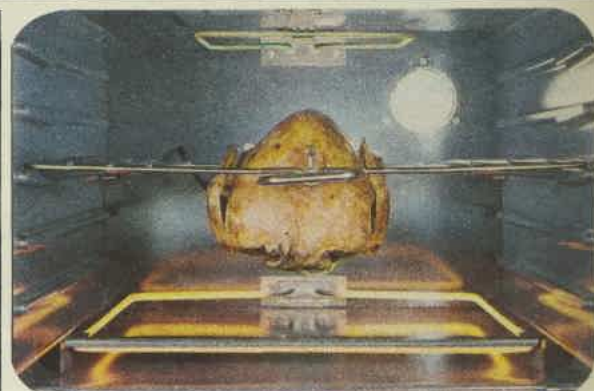
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FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big griller-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking. "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grilleators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment. "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled

Ovens THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

NEW FOR '67!

SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY
OF HOME APPLIANCES



AS A MOTHER, I'M A DUD!

● "A dud"—that's how Western Australian reader BONNIE KEANE feels about her image as a mother. She adds: "I've read reams of advice on how to cope with kids. Trouble is, I just can't make it work."

WHEN I made my debut into maternity at the age of 37, even my worst enemy would have said: "Well, she has the patience for the job even though she is long in the tooth."

I'd read about mature mums having balance, wisdom, tolerance, understanding, and so on. This, plus my famed patience and sense of humor, would make baby-making a piece of cake.

What a laugh. None of the above-mentioned admirable qualities is really tested until one has a child.

When you come up against adults who drive you up the wall, you can either have a decent fight or steer clear of them.

But it's impossible to fight decently with young children, because they don't stick to the rules, and to try to steer clear of them (such as by locking yourself in a room) is asking for trouble. They already can do enough wrecking without giving them the run of the house.

The only invaluable asset I do have is physical stamina, and I can't claim credit for that. The rest, I fear, is a long list of black marks. I yell, make threats I've no intention of carrying out, talk baby-talk, and argue with the children at a decidedly low level.

I'd dearly love to be one of those mothers of whom it is said: "She never raises her voice and her children do everything they're told."

It seems to me I spend the better part of most days raising my voice (to about strength 10), and that my children seldom do anything they're told to unless I descend like a tornado, smacking any little bottoms in range and threatening the owners with instant annihilation.

I don't have ten children; it only seems like that.

No, I don't have ten children. It just seems like it, sometimes. There are only two.

If I saw a woman of mature years charging round a yard shrieking threats at giggling, half-naked toddlers and trying to follow them into a hedge designed to protect people no more than 3ft. tall, I'd think it was hilarious — except when that woman happens to be me.

The first time the elder little darling picked up the telephone receiver I was intrigued. "Just fancy the little love knowing what it's for." The accomplishment became less intriguing after I'd apologised to the switchboard girl half a dozen times.

In my childless days I used to complain bitterly about parents who let young children answer the telephone. Now I know they probably didn't "let" them, and worse, I smile fatuously whenever our three-year-old manages a reasonably sane phone conversation.

"When your child cries at night for no apparent reason, he probably needs reassuring," say the experts.

My way of being reassuring is to stamp wrathfully down the passage, give the offender a drink or a lolly, keeping up

a stream of threats about what will happen if he doesn't go to sleep quick-smart.

Remarkably, he always does. Maybe he is building up a host of fearful complexes in his subconscious, but as yet he is keeping these well hidden.

Names are another thing which haven't worked out. I had always detested nicknames — so our sons are called Bobo and Pebble. About three times a week I resolve to call them by their right names, but as yet haven't got around to it.

Now it's "sobbage," "wobbies," and "bird-train"

Sausage is "sobbage" now as far as I'm concerned, whether I'm talking to Bobo, who invented the word, to his father, or to the butcher. All dogs are wobbies, aeroplanes are bird-trains, and so on.

I'll probably reach the stage of rounding on dinner guests for not eating their peas and cautioning them not to spill their drinks.

I can't distinguish my children's cries from those of other children. When they were very young, I used to confuse their cries with barking dogs.

The matter of a dummy was about the only thing on which I didn't even try to take expert advice. The day I arrived home with son No. One, I was on the phone to the chemist asking him what was the youngest age a baby could be given a dummy.

He said the baby could have one right away, if I liked. I did like, and so did the baby. So did his brother when he came along 13 months later. They sucked happily for 20 months, then equally happily abandoned the practice.

Demand feeding was another area where I failed. It sounded fine, but what happens when the baby demands a feed when other members of the family could rightly demand one, too?

My babies were demand-fed — when I demanded

I know any housewife worth her salt can do at least two things at once, and I claim with all modesty to be able to give one baby a bottle with one hand and shovel food into another one's mouth at the same time.

But I could never manage to do this, AND set a meal before father, so my babies were demand-fed — when I demanded.

Maybe all this is why they never cry when I leave them in someone else's care, even if that someone is a stranger to them.

They cheerfully wave goodbye, and I can fairly see them thinking: "Now the old faggot has gone we'll be able to get on with a decent bit of house-wrecking before this other one wakes up to what we're doing."

Perhaps all that much-desired patience, tolerance, wisdom, and balance will come when I'm a bit older — say about 50.

Removing their rose-colored glasses, three readers make some practical observations on the joys of child-rearing

Oh, for a good night's sleep

● "It's often said children keep you young. I'm beginning to disagree," says IRENE GREEN, of Sydney. Motherhood "hit me like a ton of bricks."

AFTER two children in three and a half years, I have "aged" ten years, with sleepless nights, and days trying to keep up with the boundless energy of the very young.

Before I had children, I could reduce my age by five years with confidence, but recently a teenage acquaintance shrieked at me, "Stop! Let me pull out those grey hairs."

On the same day, a family friend who is kind but honest asked, "How old are you now?"

"Thirty," I replied, truthfully for once.

"Yes, you look it," she said.

Of course, you can't look like a 19-year-old for ever.

When I was 19, I often visited my sister, who had three little "charmers." Her impatience with them at times upset me. She only showed signs of her old, happy self when I took the children out and she was waving us goodbye.

Some women weren't cut out to be mothers, obviously. Surely children were a constant joy!

No use trying to discuss International Affairs with her any more, either. She said she was too busy to worry about Russia.

And this is what my parents suffered upon my return home.

Me (lolling on a com-

fortable chair watching TV): "She's awful with those children, you know. I could hear her screaming at them a mile away, and she wouldn't let Mandy play in the old high-heel shoes I gave her. She said she didn't want her clonking around in them all day. Children like to play in high heels."

Mother (knitting): "Well, looking after someone else's children for a couple of hours is different from looking after them night and day."

Me: "Her hair is a mess. I'm going to give her a home-perm on Friday night after work, so don't get me any tea."

Father (smoking pipe): "I want you to be quiet when Vera Lynn comes on."

Me (spreading out arms): "After all, if she can't look after children, why did she have them?"

Silence from my parents.

Now, with offspring of my own, I know exactly how my sister felt. Why doesn't motherhood have the rosy glow one imagines when young? I believe one reason is lack of sleep.

Zingy? No!

We often see pictures of a young, radiant mother proudly wheeling her baby along, a spring in her step, and a healthy, zingy look.

Closer to the truth, perhaps, is the mother who, with a few hours' sleep behind her, pushes her stroller containing baby and groceries, up and down hills. Her sagging, strained posture is not a photographer's dream, and her two-year-old can run faster than she can.

Motherhood does seem to fit some women like a glove, however, and I'm glad they are around.

I should end by saying: "When my baby smiles at me, or when my little boy jumps up on my knee, it is all worthwhile." Instead, I'm going to say: "Motherhood has hit me like a ton of bricks!"

It's great to be a free woman again

● A New South Wales country reader revels in having some child-free time at last. All her children are at school.

I AM a free woman, after 17 years of "hard labor." The last of my six children has gone to school.

I am enjoying the new experience. The house is quiet — a little lonely, perhaps, — but I can work uninterrupted, shop without distraction, and look at a TV film undisturbed.

I had forgotten what it felt like to go out during the day without dressing a little one, outings fraught with last-minute tying of shoelaces, toilet trips, and often tears.

I don't intend to have one long holiday. I have new interests planned, and have begun shorthand and typing classes — and feel I shall become moderately skilful, in spite of the rest of the class being girls about the age of my eldest daughter!

I am doing this in case I should ever want or need to work, and my husband thinks it a good idea as long as I enjoy it.

Also, I have arranged to give a regular day to the convent school our little ones attend, to help in the library.

I'm looking forward to my new way of life, and I think the family will enjoy the new "me," already less tired and more refreshed and inviting when the children come in after school.

Imagine a house, tidy at least between 9 a.m. and 3.30, where it is possible to enjoy a cup of tea and quiet conversation with a mother who has just received a new lease of life. That's our place — and will be — as long as I don't have to "readjust" in a year or two!



LENT luncheon has tropical ingredient for exciting flavour

TROPIC CAROUSEL

Drain one 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, 1 egg, fine breadcrumbs, melted butter. Dip pineapple slices in beaten egg, then fine breadcrumbs, moisten lightly with melted butter. Oven-bake or pan-fry until golden. Line casserole with cooked rice, spoon over chilli sauce, add crumbed pineapple slices, potato flakes and pieces of crisply cooked fish. Garnish with parsley and serve hot. Chilli Sauce:—2ozs. butter, 2 onions, 4 tomatoes, 1 green capsicum, 1 large red chilli, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup stock or water, salt, pepper. Wash and chop vegetables. Melt butter, cook vegetables 5 minutes, add stock, simmer till tender. Season with salt and pepper.

PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE!

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



Fondues

Fondue, whether cheese or beef, is as Swiss as their famous mountain, the Matterhorn — cheese fondue is Switzerland's national dish. It's good food to serve at any time — for supper, Sunday brunch, a teenagers' party.

THERE'S the old tradition of forfeit associated with fondue. If you drop your bread in the creamy cheese fondue, you must pay the penalty. For girls, it's kiss-your-neighbor; for men, it's pay for the next fondue or for a bottle of wine.

Fondue Bourguignonne cooks morsels of tender beef in hot butter and oil. It's an ideal dish for six people, although it can also form an interesting dinner for two.

The recipes in this fondue cookery feature will serve six. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT: For cheese fondue, a "caquelon" — a type of saucepan with a handle, made in earthenware or in enameled cast-iron or steel — is the right utensil. But any heavy round pot or chafing dish can be used.

For Fondue Bourguignonne, a copper pot as shown at right, is traditional.

You will also need, for fondues of both types, a spirit lamp with an adjustable flame which can be controlled to keep the fondue mixture hot.

Special fondue forks, with long handles and prongs, are obtainable. However, table forks or long skewers can be used; be careful of burnt fingers, though, if using them for beef fondue — the skewers heat very quickly.

CHEESE FONDUE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 clove garlic | 2 tablespoons cornflour |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. gruyere cheese | 3 tablespoons kirsch |
| 12oz. cheddar cheese | crusty french bread |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white burgundy | |

Cut bread into cubes; each cube should have some crust on it. Push the fondue fork through the crust; this will hold the bread firmly on the fork and help prevent it dropping into the fondue.

The fondue can be prepared on the stove and, when rich and creamy, carried to the table and placed over the spirit lamp. The mixture on the spirit lamp should simmer very slowly.

CHEESE FONDUE: Chunks of crusty french bread are dipped into the creamy mixture.



FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE: Tender morsels of beef are cooked in hot butter and oil. Serve them with accompanying sauces, asparagus, and a green salad.

Color pictures by staff photographer, Bill Payne.

To prepare the fondue: Rub round inside of fondue dish with cut garlic clove. Add wine, heat to boiling point. Add the grated cheeses gradually, stirring continually, until cheese melts and mixes with wine. Add the kirsch, blended with cornflour. Continue to cook until mixture thickens (about 3 to 4 minutes) stirring all the time in the form of a figure eight.

Some like to add a light sprinkling of nutmeg or paprika, or both, to the fondue; add these with the cheese.

One after another, the guests take up a piece of bread on the prong of the fork and dip it in the thick, creamy fondue.

There's no need for hurry with fondue, but it must be stirred so it remains evenly thick. The swirling of the bread in the fondue is generally sufficient for this.

Slowly, the "Grillon," or rich brown crust, forms at the bottom of the fondue dish. Some consider this the best part of fondue; everybody should share in this delicacy.

A crisp green salad is a good accompaniment to cheese fondue. And don't forget to have the pepper mill on the table.

If serving wine, it should be the same as used in the fondue.

Note: If kirsch is not available, brandy or gin can be substituted. The fondue will not have the traditional taste, but it will be very good.

FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3lb. steak | accompanying sauces (see overleaf) |
| butter | |
| oil | |

Remove all fat from steak, cut into 1in. cubes. Have meat at room temperature for cooking.

An equal combination of butter and oil gives best flavor to the steak, although all oil can be used. Melted butter, combined with oil, should fill fondue dish to a depth of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2in.

If spirit lamp has not a very strong flame, the butter-oil mixture can be heated on stove until very hot.

Place fondue dish, with hot butter-oil over spirit lamp to keep hot. (During meal, if oil cools so meat does not cook quickly, reheat oil on stove.)

Each guest spears a morsel of beef on a long-handled fork and cooks it in the hot oil until done as desired. The cooked meat is then dipped into a choice of sauces.

Using another fork, slide the cooked meat on to the plate. Another piece of beef can be cooking while you're eating.

Accompanying sauces and condiments should give a variety of flavors; offer at least two of the following: mustard, tomato sauce (mixed with a little whipped cream or soy sauce), bearnaise sauce, caper sauce, anchovy butter, grated horseradish mixed with whipped cream (or use a good-flavored bottled horseradish cream).

Serve with a green salad, lightly tossed in french dressing, and spears of asparagus.

STEAKS TO USE: Any tender steak can be used; rump will have best flavor, but there will be less wastage with fillet because of its lack of fat.

Round steak can be used, but will need to be marinated first to make it tender.

Marinade: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, good pinch of monosodium glutamate. Let meat pieces marinate in this several hours, turning occasionally. Drain well, pat dry.

Continued overleaf

● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



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PRIZE CAKE HAS LEMON FLAVOR

● A recipe for a light-textured butter cake with a lemon flavor wins first prize of \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. It can be left plain or iced and sprinkled with nuts.

CONSOLATION
prizes are awarded for savory meat balls with delicious flavor and for easily made chocolate-topped biscuits.

LEMON BUTTER CAKE

1 cup castor sugar
2 eggs
4oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup milk
1½ cups self-raising flour
grated rind 1 lemon

Melt butter over low heat. Sift flour, add sugar and lemon rind. Stir in cooled melted butter, lightly beaten eggs, and milk. Beat well for 5 minutes. Turn mixture into greased 8in. cake tin with greased paper on base. Bake approximately 40 minutes in moderate oven.

Cake can be left plain or topped with lemon icing and sprinkled with chopped nuts.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Sullivan, 56 Linton Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.

DEVILLED HAM BALLS

1½lb. finely minced steak
1lb. finely minced veal
4oz. devilled ham (can or jar)

2-3rds cup evaporated milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon grated onion
1½ cups soft breadcrumbs
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground allspice
pepper
oil for frying

Combine all ingredients except oil; season to taste. Blend well together. Shape into small balls, using wet hands. Brown a few at a time in hot oil until cooked through.

These make a delightful party savory. Alternatively, shape mixture into larger rounds for lunch or supper snacks.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, 376 Hamilton Road, Cherm-side, Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT BISCUITS

4oz. butter or substitute
2oz. sugar
1 dessertspoon cocoa
1 cup self-raising flour
2oz. mixed fruit
crushed cornflakes
2 to 3oz. melted chocolate

Cream together butter and sugar. Slowly add flour sifted with cocoa. Stir in mixed fruit; mix well. Form into balls size of small walnut. Roll in crushed cornflakes. Place on greased baking tray, bake in moderate oven approx. 10 to 15 minutes. When cold, spread a little melted chocolate on each biscuit.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. F. Heseltine, P.O. Box 148, Honiara, Guadalcanal Island, British Solomon Islands Protectorate.

● Send entries in this contest to The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE... continued

Quantity of steak required will depend on type of steak used; what wastage is cut away; and also, of course, on what you know of your guests' appetites!

Here are two interesting variations of the classic beef fondue.

1: Add other meats—kidney, veal, chicken—to the beef. Put first on the fork or skewer the meat that needs least cooking; put on

last the meat that needs the most cooking. If using foregoing combination, you would put the square of kidney on first, then veal, then chicken, and finally the cube of beef, which will be immersed in the hot oil.

The varying colors of the fresh meats, arranged on a platter, look very attractive.

2: Use boiling beef bouillon in place of oil in fondue dish. Cut the steak into wafer-thin strips, wrap round the prongs of fondue forks. The steak cooks very quickly in the hot bouillon. And, when the meal is finished, don't discard the bouillon; enriched by the steak cooked in it, it makes an excellent soup for the following day.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Useful hints sent in by readers win a prize of \$2 each.

ARRANGE the meat round a whole onion when preparing a meat pie. This gives the pie extra flavor as well as propping up the pastry.—Mrs. C. Clarkson, 25 Devonshire St., West Footscray, Vic.

Use the potato peeler to remove skin from oranges for marmalade. The pith will be easier to remove, and skin will cut easily into the fine shreds that give the marmalade a nicer flavor and appearance.—Mrs. Rosalind Chisler, John St., Collinsville, Qld.

Bake apples in juice from canned fruit and, if desired, stick a clove in each apple—no sugar required.—Mrs. R. Gould, 66, "Texas," Greenknowe Ave., Potts Pt., N.S.W.

Add a few sprigs of fresh mint to a prepared jug of iced coffee. Leave to chill in the refrigerator as usual. The mint adds a delightful, piquant taste.—Mrs. R. M. Barlow, 54 Haydown Rd., Elizabeth Grove, S.A.

When making toffee apples for children's parties or fetes, etc., roll the bottom half in crushed nuts before the toffee sets hard.—D. Macdonald, Toonpan, via Townsville, Qld.

If you undercook a boiled egg, don't despair. Place the egg in egg-cup in saucepan with small amount of boiling water, and boil gently with lid on a few minutes longer until egg is set. Use only enough water to create steam, otherwise egg-cup may fall over.—Mrs. A. E. Kidd, 1 Cowper St., Taree, N.S.W.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

4 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
pinch salt
6 crushed pepper-corns
1 tablespoon chopped shallots
3 egg-yolks
4 to 5oz. butter
few drops lemon juice

Combine in saucepan the vinegar, salt, peppercorns, and shallots. Cook until reduced 1-3rd in quantity; strain. Beat egg-yolks well; cook, stirring over hot water, until slightly thickened. Add the strained liquid, beat again. Gradually beat in softened butter, beating after each addition until butter is well incorporated. Sauce will gradually become thickened, like rich cream. When sauce has thickened to desired consistency, stir in lemon juice.

If vinegar is very strongly flavored, use 2 tablespoons vinegar and 2 tablespoons water in place of the 4 tablespoons vinegar mentioned above.

CAPER SAUCE

½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped drained capers
1 teaspoon vinegar from capers
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients well.

ANCHOVY BUTTER

4oz. butter
1 anchovy fillet
1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley

Beat all ingredients together well. Form into a pat, refrigerate. Cut into small squares to serve.

One dessertspoon anchovy paste, or anchovy sauce to taste, can be used in place of the anchovy fillet.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

- In this family we've been indulging in the strangest pursuits lately — reading, talking, marathon scrabble contests, writing letters, even listening to the radio occasionally.

THE television set has gone quite gloriously bung. This, of course, has happened in the past, but in the past there's always been an urgent telephone call to some mechanic to come and put it right.

This time, for some quite unexplainable reason, nobody seems to feel there's any urgency about it. Even Mike, who quite frequently says to me, "Remind Dad to do something about the TV set," says it without any particular passion, and only grins when I say, "Remind him yourself — I like it the way it is."

And I do, because the only programs I feel strongly about at the moment are repeats, anyway, and I've already seen them. Of course I may be missing rare treasures that are brand-new, but with the set turning a blind eye to the room I don't bother to look at the program, and what I don't know I'm missing doesn't give me any pain at all.

I expect before long we'll decide to do something about having the monster repaired — especially in view of the fact that it packed up exactly 24 hours after we'd paid this year's licence fee — but in the meantime we're rather enjoying each other's company.

Certainly the noise level in the house is no lower — nothing could equal the high peaks in an argument between Mike and Diana over the scrabble-board. In this case my sympathies are with Di.

I've played scrabble with Mike, whose spelling still leaves almost everything to be desired, and I know how infuriating it is to have him make words like "beleif" and "profer" and then, when you challenge the spelling, waste five minutes hunting in the wrong part of the dictionary to make sure that he's not being got at.

One of the other current advantages is more leisurely meals. I find it's so nice to start dishing up a dinner without having one of the children breathing down my neck saying, "Hurry, hurry, hurry, program X is on in 20 minutes, and I have to see it." It's easier to find washing-up labor, too. Before, the cry was always "I'll do it, but not now — there's something I have to watch."

Diana is convinced that the lack of TV will even be good for her figure. She read a newspaper story about how cars and TV and the foods eaten in an affluent society are tending to make people overweight.

Her bird-brained type of reasoning is that if she gives up one of those things it ought to show on the bathroom scales. We pointed out to her that sitting still playing scrabble is not really much less sedentary an occupation than sitting still watching TV.

I think her argument is that in any game played with Mike so much fury and heat is generated that it must consume calories. Maybe she has a point.

Is it fair to discriminate against the "fatties"?

PEOPLE who tend to be overweight are certainly being made to pay for it more in this century than ever before. The Harvard School of Public Health has now revealed that American universities discriminate against fatties.

A fat girl's chance of getting into a university, it says, even where her school record is as good as her slim friend's, is one-third less.

The reason for this, the experts say, is that they feel slim girls "fit in better." I presume they're not talking about classroom accommodation but about social adjustment. This seems to me to be going a bit far. One would presume that universities want the best brains, no matter what sort of frames they're attached to.

It may, for all I know, be unarguably true that people of average weight are socially better adjusted (it may also, for all I know, be totally untrue). But are the best brains necessarily found in the best-adjusted people? I doubt it.

The best brains (whether they're attached to over-fat, scrawny-thin, or average-weight frames) are often found

in highly individualistic people who don't give a hoot about "fitting in." Seems a pity to try to standardise education to the point where some of the brainiest people may be excluded from higher education just because they're not standard.

By the way, you can't beat the male of the species for sheer impracticability once he's mounted a hobby horse. A London doctor, a group medical officer for a large English firm, has warned housewives that they must give up dusting if they want to stay healthy.

He was speaking at a meeting of the Institute of

Personnel Management in Harrogate. "Dust," he said, "is a paradise for germs. This is why housewives get colds and tonsillitis at springcleaning time."

Fine. I believe him. But what happens if you don't dust? Wouldn't the layers of dust get so thick that the slightest breeze would disturb them, blowing those germs out of their king-sized paradise into the air you have to breathe?

"The same thing applies," the doctor said, "to office girls dusting off old files. I feel strongly that papers and documents should never be dusted at all."

Maybe I'm being dumb about this, but if he's right about the germs, doesn't somebody have to catch a cold? If not the girl who dusts them, then surely the man or the girl who has to consult the undusted files?

Perhaps the only real solution would be to put a match to them, thus getting rid of dust, germs, and files in one grand clean-up.

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LOOVLY CILLA TRIES 'ER 'AND AT FILMS

By Camilla Beach

● *Singer Cilla Black has moved to a new entertainment medium. She is starring in a film with David Warner, who last year made a name as a great Shakespearean actor (with his Hamlet and Richard III) — then stepped from the stage to star in the U.K. film success "Morgan."*

CILLA, too, has stepped from the stage. But her stage was the soundbox of the pop world, the shrill voice of the Liverpool slums shouting down the traffic and the neighbors.

Her image was the charts and the golden disc. She was measured in sound and sterling, fans and fantasies.

She was promoted as the natural Lancashire lass to succeed "Our Gracie" Fields, and, when the audiences at Blackpool Tower clapped her "Anyone Who Had A Heart," she stepped to the footlights and said: "Ta, Ta very mooch. I think you're all loovly."

And even now, as she rehearsed for the film (called "Work . . . Is a Four-letter Word") in the drill hall at the headquarters of the London Irish Rifles, in Chelsea, Cilla still has the broad accents of Liverpool.

Of her co-star, David Warner, she said—with feeling and a toss of auburn tresses—"I loov him. Reely. That loovly fur hur."

That's the way Liverpool people say fair hair. They ask for apples and pears, love their mudders and farders and their jab butties (jam sandwiches).

The Beatles put Liverpool on the pop map; Cilla Black — born Priscilla White — is hoping to keep Liverpool on the map of quality films.

Casting criticised

David Warner is choosy about his co-stars. Deservedly so, for many in London agree that he is the greatest thing to have happened to British stage and screen since Sir Laurence Olivier was the up-and-coming young Larry.

Casting him with Vanessa Redgrave in "Morgan" seemed "right." It hardly seemed so — to some critics — with Cilla Black.

But dare to suggest this to him and he reacts like a tiger.

"Don't run her down as an actress. She's perfect for the part — without any acting lessons."

Cilla, who can't tell the difference between "downstage right" and "downstage left," gave him a mischievous wink.

"I don't just play myself in the film — honest," she said defensively. "Anyway, I acted at school — played Julius Caesar."

(Here, David Warner sheepishly admitted to having played Lady Macbeth at school.)

"Y'know," Cilla went on, cheekily, eyeing her co-star, "Peter Hall gives David as mooch coaching as he duz for me."

Peter Hall not only directs "Work . . . Is a Four-letter Word" — his first film — but also holds the exalted position of director of the famous Royal Shakespeare Company, which puts him on a pretty high pedestal.

But Cilla isn't awe-struck. Not 'arf!

"We'll call you when we want you," she yelled to her highly esteemed director.

He took it with a hearty laugh — and a grain of salt. A girl from Scotland Road (Liverpool's most notorious area) is hardly expected to pick up her skirts, curtsy, and say, "Yes, Mr. Hall," and "No, Mr. Hall."

Cilla is more likely to hoot "And three bags full, Mr. Hall," or "I'll smash y' face in."

Although she disregards the "urs and graces" often expected of famous personalities, when the time comes for



● English pop star Cilla Black with stage and screen actor David Warner. They co-star in her first film, "Work . . . Is a Four-letter Word."

shooting the film to begin, Cilla takes her work as seriously as the next person.

Her first film role is controlled by computers.

Set in Britain of the not-so-distant future, "Work . . . Is a Four-letter Word" takes a deadpan, but funny, look at the new order in society and industry under which the machine has taken over all routine work, and automation is everything.

"I play David's girlfriend in the film," Cilla said. "I am terrified that I won't get a feller, and he is the best I can do. We finally marry after being engaged for six years."

"I'm the worker. And I even have to pay for my own wedding licence," she added indignantly.

Apart from forking out for her wedding, Cilla has two other bugbears.

"I speak the very first words in the film — I nearly died when I heard that."

Upset by wardrobe

"But working with an experienced actor dozn't worry me. I know lots of actors. Shakespearean, is he? Oh, I never ask him about his personal life."

The pop star's other bugbear is clothes.

Cilla, the sharp dresser and micro-skirt enthusiast, has a depressing wardrobe for her part.

"I've been getting more and more upset when I hear about what I've got to wear," she said, screwing up her nose.

For teenagers

"The girl I play is the sort of person who wears suspenders with a mini-skirt when she should wear tights, or buys a pair of shoes and then messes them up with something else."

Cilla is now 23, and can well afford to dress extravagantly — a far cry from the days when she worked as a five-shilling-an-hour cloakroom attendant at Liverpool's famous Cavern Club.

The Cavern, though, was where Cilla's success story began. She sang there occasionally, once with the undiscovered Beatles — in fact, when she made her first demonstration disc the famous four backed her.

It was a good omen.

"Fever" was the song they recorded, and later the Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, signed her up. The rest is pop history.

But Cilla is happy not to be singing in her first film.

"I can't stand British musicals," she said emphatically. "I don't really like singing and dancing. They are a bit old-fashioned."

"Fred Astaire was all right, but —" Cilla was not in the mood for being argumentative.

However, she may sing just a couple of lines.

"I may have to sing a bit, with happiness, when we decide to get married."

"But it will be intentionally off-key. Y'know, the girl who can't dress and can't sing properly."

"And I also might sing the title tune over the film credits. But only if it's good. The Beatles have been asked to write it, but they want to see the film first. If they wrote it, then I would be happy to sing it."

"But I want to be thought of as the singer who made a film — not the film star who used to sing," she said. And she looked as if she really meant it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

PARTY MAKE-UP

THE prettiest face at any party is the one that doesn't need frequent "patching" during the evening. Here, the trick is to give your party make-up a chance to work for you by aiming at a clear-cut look that stays put.

If you use a liquid foundation (some of the nicest current ones are faintly tinted), smooth it carefully all over your face, eyelids, lips, ears, and throat, and allow it to "rest" to set for five minutes.

These foundations give a wonderfully delicate tone to the skin, can be powdered or left alone as you wish, and are capable of lasting a whole evening without another touch.

To give your skin a luminous sheen—and at the same time further the "setting" process after the whole make-up is finished—damp a sponge with skin freshener, or cool water, and press it on cheeks, chin, forehead, and nose.

Also take note that a slight film of body lotion left to dry on your shoulders will impart a fetching pearly polish.

—Carolyn Earle

HERE'S
YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

HER SISTER'S SHADOW

"I HAVE an elder sister who did exceptionally well right through her schooling. Although I was considered rather bright at primary school, I have failed to live up to my father's expectation and my sister's reputation. I failed to obtain a scholarship — based on ability and not on knowledge — which my sister won, and my father has never forgiven me. He thinks highly of my sister and treats me as though I were incapable of understanding his simplest statement. My sister is 17 and I am 15. Please advise me on the wisest course of action to get to know my father better, and to show him that I am worthy of being his daughter."

"Fatherless," Vic.

• Yours is not an uncommon situation in families, but sometimes it seems worse than it really is. Fifteen is a very sensitive age. Be brave and tell your father how you feel. I wouldn't be surprised if he is shocked to learn that he hurts your feelings so much. Meanwhile, resolve to work hard and make a success in one field or another. Your abilities may be different from your sister's, and you still have time to show what you can do.

"I walk alone..." Tall (love) story

"I WAS a loner and girl-hater, then met a girl — my first — and suffered heartbreak. As a result, I had a nervous breakdown. When I recovered I found a good job, but had to leave it because The Girl worked in the same district and caught the same train home. Finally, now, after many attempts, I have a job as a jackaroo, and I am quite happy away from girls. My mates used to say that I miss a lot of fun, but because I never really found out what I miss I don't miss it. Should I be more sociable and suffer again, or continue my solitude and remain content?"

"Lonely But Happy," Qld.

• "No man is an island," wrote English poet John Donne, and this is very true. The fact that you ask the question shows that you are not as happy as you claim to be. Try being sociable for a change, and don't be such a pessimist.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Teenagers under fire

• We teenagers of today have been called a mercenary generation that thinks of everything in terms of money. The recent bushfires in southern Tasmania seem to have proved otherwise. A schoolfriend of mine who lost his home in the fire grabbed only two things when he had to evacuate — his stamp collection and his transistor radio. I worked for a day at the relief centre on the Hobart wharves. My father said he was amazed at the number of teenagers, "squeezed into jeans and Beatle boots," who worked in the shed alongside the adults.

—D. J. WOOD, North Hobart.

Party spirit

I AM sick of teenagers at parties who sit in a corner for an hour and then complain, "This party's no fun." Of course it's not! How could it be with these dull kids there? Don't just sit around waiting for something to happen. It won't. Try a "Strip the Willow," or something like that, for a start. You'd be surprised how much fun can be got out of simple things, such as telling ghost stories, or ripping it up to old charleston records. So come on, all you deadbeats, make your own fun! —J.S., Caringbah, N.S.W.

"AIRS" VIEWS

HAVING been a governess to two families in western Queensland, I would like to thank the School of the Air teachers, who are so helpful to both children and governess. I have formed two opinions: First, a governess should have some training to prepare her for supervising lessons; secondly, she should come under some award which protects both her and her employers. Although most families are very good to their governesses, others want them to cook and do housework, when preparing lessons and supervising children is really a full-time job. —C. Nielsen, Kin Kin, Qld.

Law on trial

THOUGH by no means against severe punishments for criminal offenders, I am against judges trying to better our society by making examples of a few poor unfortunates. For a judge to deliver a particularly heavy sentence and say, "Let this be an example to others," is quite unjustified. Every individual is entitled to his rights and a fair trial. He has his feelings, and, should he develop a grudge while in prison, he will certainly not provide the community with a useful citizen later on. —"Justice," Turramurra, N.S.W.

Ear for music

WHENEVER adults speak about teenagers' tastes in music, they always mention "terrible twanging," "monotonous throb," and "raucous voices." However, a close look at the top 40 reveals that the most popular songs — say, the top ten — are usually good, with excellent backings and arrangements. Similarly, the pop stars and groups who really hit the top are all good performers. The scruffy, gyrating groups who sing badly have only a small following. I think this proves that the majority of Australian teenagers have good tastes in music. —Julie Fielding, Gordon Park, Qld.

I HEAR that a big Sydney eisteddfod has dropped Scottish dancing from its range of competitions. Scots are still reeling from the blow.

As one McFellow said sadly to me: "I want a skirl just like the skirl that harried dear auld Dad."

And a pretty charlie, who was a real darling, is believed to have appealed to the eisteddfod people for restoration of Scottish dancing.

I understand she said: "Will ye nae go-go back again?"

The answer was, apparently, a firm "no."

In a way, like saying, "Put that in your pipes and smoke it."

Will, then, the style become missing, believed kilt?

A possible way to gain public support for Scottish dancing would be for girls to wear mini-kilts.

Have a thighland fling, you might say.

It would not work, of course, if a girl had Jacobean legs.

One canny old Scot I talked to believed the exclusion was a Welsh plot (eisteddfod being a Welsh word, of course).

LETTERS

■ In order to see if we would respond to being treated as intelligent young women, the headmaster of Broken Hill High has allowed fifth-form girls to wear a sensible yet attractive uniform. It consists of a royal-blue Chanel-style suit, white mod blouse with pleated collar and cuff trims, mod T-bar navy shoes with heel, and a smart air hostess-style hat. We were given the additional privilege of wearing lipstick with our new uniform. Needless to say the girls appreciate these privileges and do their best to carry out their duties as senior pupils. —Robyn Raulich, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Lost respect

IF a girl demands to be treated like a man in such matters as work and pay, she must also expect to lose the old-time respect that men once held for women who were merely homemakers. One of the main objections men have to working with women is that they cannot be at ease with a fellow-worker who is constantly demanding courtesies and creating a feminine atmosphere. In this day of equality I feel that girls have no right to object to the slackening manners of males. —Joan Marie Waring, Reid, A.C.T.

Forget tradition

AS well as lowering the voting age to 18, I suggest 18-year-olds should be given "the key to the door." At 21 they will be separated from their schoolfriends, working or at university, maybe sharing a flat or even married, and won't welcome the ancient custom of the 21st-birthday celebration. So why not break with tradition? Have one wild teenage party and enjoy it when it is most appreciated. —Sue Pombroski, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.

When duty calls

HAS anyone got a more dedicated Dad than I? He has seen the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits, Tom Jones, Bobby and Laurie, Ken Sparks, Johnny Young, and P. J. Proby. You think there must be a catch somewhere. Well, as a matter of fact, Dad was on ambulance duty, carrying out half-trampled, hysterical, fainting females. —Judy Lockyer, Dover Gardens, S.A.

Aussie anthem

AS an Australian I respect the Queen for what she is — the British monarch. However, I object to having to stand to attention before the Australian flag while an anthem, dedicated to the Queen, rolls in the background. Australia is a nation, independent of British control. Surely it is time for the birth of an Australian National Anthem? —Dianne Lewis, North Balwyn, Vic.

ROUND ROBIN Adair

SCOTS ON THE ROCKS!

"Ye canna bank on Wales," he said.

It's rumored that Scots might start their own break-away competition — secede from the eisteddfod.

If it didn't come off the first time, they could recall the famous words of Robert Bruce after his meeting with the spider:

"If at first you don't secede, try, try again."



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The Blossoming Time

THE girl had been sitting quietly, supposedly reading. She had mumbled good-bye as her father had departed happily for his afternoon game of golf, and scowled at her young brother as, towel in hand, he headed for the pool. Now the sound of her mother's car faded in the distance and she was alone at last in the silent old house.

She rose from the chair and stood by the window, looking down the deserted tree-lined street. It was a warm, sleepy Saturday afternoon. Saturdays, she thought, were a bore, but today she hoped would be different. A thrill of excited feeling ran icily down her spine to be followed immediately by one of guilt.

She supposed she should have told her mother the boy was coming, but at the back of her mind the thought lurked that he may forget or find something better to do, and then she would feel an awful fool.

Suddenly she realised the time, and remembered there were things to do. She walked quickly through the house to a long, low room at the back. Until recently this room had been a big open veranda, now it was known as the party-room and its clean new look pleased the girl. She loved the soft glow of the polished floorboards; the cool

green walls, and the tall windows dappled with flickering shadows.

She went to the small corner bar and placed some bottles in the fridge. She set glasses on the bar top and filled dishes with nuts, chips, and tiny biscuits. She selected some records, placed them carefully on the turntable of the radiogram, then she lowered the venetian blinds and partly opened the slats. Now the light was intimate and subdued, and narrow bands of sunshine striped the walls.

The girl glanced at her handiwork, she thought once more how much she liked the room. Then, well pleased, she walked back through the house to stand again at the window and watch the deserted street.

In the past year the girl had grown too quickly, she felt gangly and awkward and very conscious of the bumps that had developed on her body. And somewhere in the dim past a spiteful child had told her that her nose was bent, so, to counteract these defects, she wore sneakers with no heels and a baggy blouse that fell low over her faded jeans.

Her brown hair waved softly and hung

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In spite of feeling so shy
and unsure of herself,
Lisa excitedly looked forward
to the afternoon's meeting

By G. WELLESLEY

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below her shoulders. But she draped it in such a way that most of her face was obscured and the beauty of her soft brown eyes was lost.

Now, as she stood stiffly waiting, one minute thinking he would come and the next minute hoping he wouldn't, she wondered dully if life was always miserable and uncertain, or if perhaps she herself was some kind of a misfit. Lost in these sombre thoughts, she did not see him until he was almost at the gate.

She watched him shut the gate and walk slowly up the path. Her cheeks flamed with color and when the bell rang, she was startled and could not move. Then, terrified lest he would leave, she hurried to the door and opened it quickly just as he was about to ring the bell for the second time.

For a moment he stood frozen, one hand raised toward the bell, the other clutching a pile of records. He was tall, thin, and slightly droopy, his fair hair a little too long, his jeans a little too tight. He wore dark glasses and a brightly patterned flapping shirt. The girl thought how beautiful he was, so strong and handsome, so manly and sophisticated.

She felt the color rising once more to her cheeks and drooped her head, letting her hair cover her confusion. Then both together they said "Hi," and he was in the hall and the first hurdle was safely passed.

The boy followed the girl to the long, low room. He stood looking around him and whistled softly, a long, low whistle of appreciation.

"Some pad," he exclaimed. "Cool, real cool," answered the girl.

SHE turned the radiogram on, the turntable spun, and the quiet room rocked with sounds as the Mersey beat bounced from wall to wall.

The boy threw a pillow on the floor and lay prone—wow, how that sound sent him—occasionally he clicked his fingers or twitched his upturned feet, and for some reason, he still wore his dark glasses.

The girl had settled herself in a big old armchair, her legs curled beneath her. This way she felt smaller and less conspicuous. When the records ended, they both rose. She offered him a drink and they sat on the bar stools, sipping and nibbling. He asked her politely what her squares did on a Saturday afternoon. She gave him what she hoped was a martyred look and answered in a bored, tired voice.

"Golf and tennis, can you imagine anything worse?" A pained expression crossed the part of his face that was visible under the glasses. "Sure," he said, "mine play bowls."

The girl poured two more drinks while the boy set his records on the turntable. Now the room was filled with the thrilling summer music of the surf-riders. The girl settled herself once more in the chair and looked through her hair at the boy, lying prone once more on the floor. She wished he would take his dark glasses off and let her see his blue eyes.

She let her imagination run riot and could see him dressed in olanus, his fair hair dripping with seawater, waiting far out in the ocean, lying flat on his surfboard, until just the right wave came swooping down.

Then she could see him riding fast and furious just ahead of the crest until triumphantly he reached the beach, and was surrounded by beautiful girls, singing his praises. He was by far the best and most handsome surfer on the beach, and just a glance from his blue

THE BLOSSOMING TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

eyes made girls swoon all over the place.

She saw herself, bronze and lovely, wearing a tiny pink bikini, a huge silver slave bangle, and with a pitying look for the other foolish females, as he ignored their swoons and brushed aside their clinging hands, he came to her, and side by side they would walk into the sunset, just as all great heroes and heroines did in the best movies.

Suddenly the boy stirred and rolled over. The movement startled the girl, her dream was shattered. She saw her gangly arms, her bumpy body, remembered her bent nose and awkward movements. She hated everything about herself and, in anger, tossed her head, sending the soft brown hair flying back from her face. She opened her eyes wide in an effort to stop the stupid tears that threatened to disgrace her.

The boy, too, had been lost in his thoughts. Each morning he had watched the girl get on the bus and wished that he could get to know her, but it was not until he had caught his big foot in the strap of his bag and fallen almost into her lap, that he had spoken.

would be worthy of a beautiful girl like her, he certainly hoped so.

Restlessly he rolled over to lie on his stomach and watch the girl from a different angle. At almost the same moment, the girl tossed her head back and opened her eyes wide. For the first time he saw their beauty clearly, their pansy-soft brownness, and his voice betrayed him.

"Gosh," he said, "you have the most beautiful eyes."

Then, to cover his confusion, he fumbled with his glasses, took them off and stuffed them into the pocket of his jeans.

The girl was lost in wonder at his words. "I always wanted blue eyes," she said, "blue eyes like yours."

They sat smiling shyly, until suddenly the music stopped again and the surrounding quiet pulled them back to the everyday world. The boy looked at his watch, my how the time had flown. He helped the girl to her feet and collected his records, then together they walked to the door.

All afternoon they had barely spoken, but now, standing ready to leave, the boy wanted to talk and talk. He asked the girl if she liked

the room, she danced through the house to the party room; she rinsed the glasses and placed them under the bar, she set the empty bottles in the crate and closed the radiogram. At this moment she loved everyone and everything, she wanted to do nice things.

Then she thought of her mother hurrying home to prepare dinner and, still dancing, she went to the kitchen. She turned the gas on under the vegetable-filled saucepan and put the chops under the grill ready to cook. She set the table in the dining-room, making sure nothing was missing or out of place, then, pleased at her thoughtfulness, she returned to the window.

For a while she sat quietly in the big chair, lost in dreams.

Frances Morrison put the car in the garage and hurried toward the house. As usual she was running late. She shut the front door and walked quickly through to the kitchen, she looked at her daughter without seeing her.

Oh, heavens, she thought, surely that child hasn't been sitting there all afternoon. She wondered if her daughter would ever grow up, if she would ever be lovable and full of grace as a young girl should be. Sixteen, she knew, was an awkward age, but surely this sloppy, sullen time must pass soon.

Then suddenly her thoughts were pushed aside, and things began to register. Frances saw the vegetables gently boiling and the chops ready to cook. In a daze she walked to the dining-room. The silver glowed softly on the table and a bowl of freshly picked flowers made a pretty centre piece, and as she stood, scarcely able to believe what she saw, her daughter came toward her like a small whirlwind.

Frances felt the thin arms around her neck, and then the child was talking, talking as she hadn't talked for years. She spoke in a rush, telling her mother everything, everything the boy had said, everything they had done.

Frances listened carefully, and as she listened it seemed a weight was lifted from her shoulders. At last, she thought, my little girl has returned.

She could not follow closely every detail of her daughter's hurried narrative and she longed to laugh as her happiness mounted. Then the girl finished her story saying, "Oh, Mother, we drank six bottles of soft drink and ate all your little biscuits, I hope you don't mind."

But Frances was a wise mother. She did not laugh, for she knew how precious this afternoon was to her daughter, and she knew that their future relationship depended on what she said and what she did. She must think clearly and act carefully because today her daughter had met her first love and she was no longer a child.

Very gently she placed her hands on the girl's shoulders and said, "Just stand there, Lisa, and don't move."

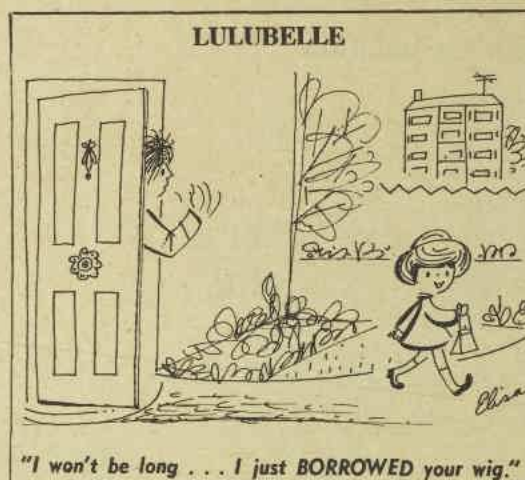
Then she stood back and looked at her daughter, and it was not hard for her to find the right words.

"He was right, Lisa," she said, "your eyes are beautiful, in fact, you are beautiful all over, like a flower in early summer you are beginning to blossom."

"Oh, Mother," the girl said, "isn't life wonderful! Did I tell you, he kissed my forehead, and he blushed even more than I did, and you should have seen him running down the street, leaping and jumping and trying to touch the branches of the trees."

Then suddenly they were laughing helplessly together like two girls sharing for the first time a woman's secret.

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Rescue mission

Final instalment of
a three-part serial
By JOHN BALL



"I'm frightened," Doris Wong said, turning for just a moment to the General and Ben Griffin.

ONLY after they are airborne do DICK SYLVESTER and ED CHANG, pilots of the Civil Air Patrol, find out that there is a dangerous mechanical fault in the big Super-Constellation in which they are trying to fly the inhabitants of a little Caribbean island, including two critically ill patients, to safety from a hurricane.

The two pilots are only qualified to fly small single-engined planes and reluctantly undertook the flight at the insistence of FATHER FERREIRA, the island's priest. They hoped to keep their breach of regulations a secret but it became known through radar communications.

Various services were promptly mustered to try to bring the plane down safely. Those con-

cerned include BOB GALLOWAY, owner of the Constellation; COLONEL WILLIAMS of the Civil Air Patrol; BRIGADIER GENERAL AYMS, Commander of the Homestead Air Force Base, where the plane is to land; MAJOR BEN GRIFFIN, the Operations Officer there; and DORIS WONG, who is engaged to Chang.

Now MAJOR SAM ASCHENBRENNER, a Constellation commander, is flying beside them in a two-seat jet "T-bird," hoping to "talk" the unqualified pilots down. He is kindly reassuring and informal. But finding that Sylvester underestimates the difficulty of landing safely, he tells him abruptly at the moment he has no hope of doing so. NOW READ ON:

DICK SYLVESTER turned cold. His confidence deserted him, and again he found himself battling against rising panic. To Ed Chang, the major's words were a challenge, strengthening his determination to conclude this dangerous mission safely.

After all, he reflected, they hadn't done badly so far. With five hours of instruction he felt he would be capable of handling the whole flight engineer's station. But of course, the five hours weren't available before they must land . . .

"Ed, are you there?" Major Aschenbrenner's voice came to him.

"Affirmative," he answered.

"Let's go ahead. What is the first item on your approach checklist?"

"Altimeter setting," Chang read off.

"You ought to know how to do that. Set both pilot's and engineer's altimeters to two niner decimal eight six. Okay?"

"Okay," Chang reported.

"Next item."

"Seatbelt and no-smoking signs."

"They're over your head, Dick, to the right," Aschenbrenner directed. "Don't get the landing lights; they're up there, too."

Sylvester recovered a little of his composure. He allowed himself the luxury of feeling professional as he looked up and flipped the two clearly marked switches. "Signs on," he reported.

"Now, Dick, until we have completed the checklist, I want you to be sure to maintain at least one six zero knots airspeed, using your throttles for power. What r.p.m. are you showing now?"

Still feeling more strongly in possession of himself, Dick replied, "We've held twenty-three hundred for the whole flight. We took a guess at the correct value. That seemed to go all right, so we used it."

"That setting will do for now, but don't exceed thirty-five inches of manifold pressure. Do you understand about that?"

Dick carefully inspected the panel before he answered. "I have the gauges located. I'll try to watch them."

"Don't just try, Dick, this is very important. Keep your eye on the airspeed and manifold pressure. Look at them every few seconds."

"All right, sir," Sylvester replied with a firm note in his voice.

"That's fine. To help you out we will monitor your airspeed for you from here. You're in good shape and doing fine. Ed, what's the next item on your list?"

"Flight control auxiliary booster switches."

"Dick, you will have to handle this one. They are right next to the no-smoking sign, but be sure and leave the elevator boost off! It's plainly marked."

Once more Dick reached up, not quite so certain this time. He pushed a switch and a light immediately showed. "I have thrown one switch," he reported. "A little yellow light came on. Is that okay?"

"Yes, but be sure that the elevator auxiliary booster is off."

Dick looked carefully, once more. "Check, it's off — the one on the left."

"Fine, next item."

"Wing flaps," Chang reported.

"Hold them for now. What follows?"

"Manual spark."

"Leave that alone. Go on."

"Engine blowers."

"Leave them in low, repeat low. Ed, the handles should be in the middle position. They are right next to the field tank selectors. Do you see them?"

"Right, I've already got 'em set into position."

"Next?"

"Mixtures."

"Yours, Ed. They're the red handles right next to the blowers. They should be full forward."

"That's what they are," Chang reported. "They've been that way all along."

"Real fine. What's next?"

The major had the brain of a computer, Ed thought, to know the whole thing from memory the way he did. His patience seemed inexhaustible, too.

As the list went on and on, Sylvester noted that he was drifting slightly off his heading; he tried to correct it as inconspicuously as possible.

"Is there much more of that list?" he asked Ed, a little anxiously. The problems seemed endless.

"Quite a lot more. Several items, anyway."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967

*this beautiful
timber floor
costs
less than
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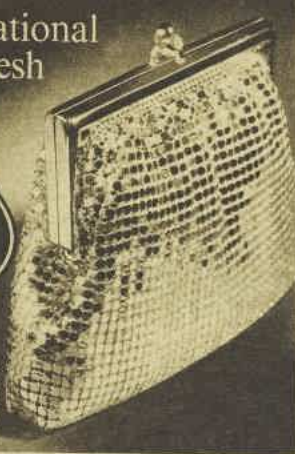
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PP15

Sylvester looked out and over his right shoulder toward the setting sun. It was already gone. The red glow in the sky, where it had been, caused him to tighten up and he pressed his teeth hard together.

"It's getting dark," he said over the air.

"I understand," Aschenbrenner answered. "Now we're going to get set for an approach, so set your prop controls, Dick, for twenty-four hundred turns."

Reaching over with his right hand, Sylvester moved the stiff handles. The engines seemed to respond rather than the propeller blades; he had the feeling he had not done this too well. "I've got them set," he reported, "but it seems a lot noisier."

"That's OK. You're probably a little out of sync. Don't let it bother you. Before you land, we're going to twenty-six hundred, anyway."

SYLVESTER looked at Chang, who looked back. That couldn't be right and they both knew it.

"Faster to land?" Sylvester asked.

"Yes, that's right. Now you can go to thirty-seven inches manifold if you need to, Dick. Use your throttles for air-speed control."

Sylvester looked quickly at the manifold pressure gauges with the guilty knowledge that he had not been monitoring them as he should. He would have to do better than that.

"What does your manifold pressure read right now?" the major asked.

"Twenty-nine inches."

"Real fine, that's a good setting. What's next, Ed?"

"Brakes."

"Just look at the co-pilot's panel and make sure there are no red lights on. If you can see the hydraulic gauge on the right side, read me the pressure."

"Sixteen hundred, I make it."

"The one on the left should read the same."

"It does."

"We're on the rails. Next?"

"Tank five and crossfeeds."

For the life of him Ed had no idea what that meant other than the obvious fact that it had something to do with the fuel supply.

"See the levers down by your left hand, Ed? Push them all the way toward the nose of the aircraft."

"All five of them?"

"Right, all five, all the way forward. Next."

"Pressurisation."

"Did you do anything with the air-conditioning and pressurisation panel?"

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"No, we left it strictly alone. We decided before we took off not to touch anything we didn't actually have to."

"That was a smart decision. Now look on the panel in front of you, the one up above you, and the air-conditioning panel. Do you see any red lights on any of them?"

"I don't see a one," Ed answered. He sensed that a red light meant something wrong, and he was proud that there was not a single one to point at.

"Excellent, Ed. Now if you do see one, let me know right away as soon as it comes on, no matter what. That's very important, understand?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Now you are probably getting tired of this checklist, but the whole thing must be done and done correctly, you realise that, don't you?"

"Yes," Sylvester cut in, "but since we are this close, I want very much to get this thing on the ground. Our patients need attention."

This time the major answered quietly. "It is my job to get you down safely, Dick. You probably don't realise it, but all of these systems must be in the proper configuration or you could be in a lot more trouble than you are now. A Connie isn't a simple airplane, you know."

"I'm beginning to find that out."

"Well, hang on, you'll be all right. What's next, Ed?"

It seemed an eternity to Sylvester before Ed finally read out his last item: "Landing weight, centre of gravity, and speeds."

"This one I'll take," Aschenbrenner said. "Your landing weight is within limits. Are all your passengers seated to the rear of the plane?"

Chang answered, "Yes, as far as possible. Some are in the cargo compartment."

"Then your CG is fine. Maintain one hundred forty knots minimum during approach. I'll monitor that for you from here. We'll come over the fence at one twenty-five and touch down about one ten. That won't be hard, because you have an eleven-thousand-foot runway and half of that should do it. Anything else on your list?"

"No, that's it," Chang reported.

"Then we're ready for some practice approaches. Before we start, however, I suggest that you check the cabin and make sure that all the passengers are strapped in and ready for the landing."

"I'll call you when that's

done," Chang said and took off his headset. He released his belt, glanced out at the darkening sky, and wondered about turning on lights. If he needed to, the major would tell him how. He opened the door to the cargo hold and stepped inside.

It was darker and somewhat cold. The dozen men in the cargo hold were no longer interested in their flight; they sat silently, most of them with their eyes closed, waiting.

Chang opened the remaining door to the main passenger cabin and stepped through. Father Ferrara was still on his feet; apparently he had never sat down. The lieutenant glanced up and saw that the two caution signs were both on. Next he took a look at the two patients. He looked at Armando, afraid of what he would see. The young man appeared to be sleeping; his eyes were closed and his head was tilted to the side. The little girl apparently still slept, too.

The rest of the passengers were quiet. Many seemed to be sleeping; one tiny baby was nursing at its mother's breast.

"When I saw the signs come on I pointed them out to everyone," the priest reported. "All are now fastened in; we await our first sight of your great country. Will it be long now?"

"We are almost there,"

Chang answered, keeping his voice low. "Do not be surprised if we put the wheels down and lift them back up again. Everything must be tested before we land, to be sure that it is all right." That was close enough to the truth to pass, and it might help.

"We have the greatest confidence in you, for have you not already brought us this far? You have truly led us beside the still waters. But I hope it will not be too long."

"Where is your seat, Father?" Chang asked.

"There is not one left, but it is no matter. I shall stand strongly in the aisle and hold hard to the seats. It will be all right; do not think further of me."

Silently Chang made his way down the aisle, checking each row of seats. He could do nothing about the several children in arms, but all of the adults and those who had seats to themselves were properly fastened in. He smiled and nodded at the tall priest and then closed the passenger cabin door softly behind him.

Back on the flight deck he put on his headset, adjusted the mike, and pressed the button. "Cabin is secured," he

reported. "Everyone is quiet for the moment."

Out of the gathering darkness the reassuring voice came back. "That couldn't be better. All right, Dick, let's do a gradual one eight turn to the right and roll out on a heading of magnetic north. I'll report we're on our way in."

Carefully Sylvester turned the yoke wheel toward the right. Outside the vast wing on his left lifted obediently upward and the massive airliner began to turn toward the last glow of the setting sun. As the nose swung slowly past the western sky there was little left of the daylight which a short while before had filled the sky.

Sylvester knew that darkness would come rapidly and then he would no longer be able to see whether there was water or ground below. The horizon would disappear and his world would become the instrument panel before him.

If all went well he would find two long rows of lights in the blackness, lights which would mark the edges of the Homestead air base runway. Then it would be time for him to execute his first night landing, and without the familiar reference to the ground on which he had always depended in the planes he had previously flown. But others could do it, so he would do it, too.

There was no choice; he had to. Unless he wanted to admit defeat and ask Ed Chang, with half his own experience, to attempt it.

He took a careful fresh grip on the control yoke, laid his right hand across the trim tab wheel, and resolved that he would do it, that somehow he would get this great, complex, badly crippled, multi-ton aircraft safely on the ground.

His brow broke out in a sweat.

"Dick, are you there?" came through the headset.

"I'm here."

"Since you're both doing so well, look on the overhead panel where the no-smoking and seat-belt sign switches are.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Charming frock is available cut out to make in pink, brown, or turquoise pure wool flocking.

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Needlework notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

561



560



562

Recipe



New twist for an open sandwich

Fold three slices of Hutton's Luncheon Beef into halves, and overlap them on buttered bread. On top place dessert-spoon of horseradish cream. Take a whole slice of orange, cut half through and twist into corkscrew shape. Place this on top of horseradish, garnish with small piece of lettuce tucked into sliced orange and set two prunes into horseradish cream. M-m-m-m! But it must be Hutton's Luncheon Beef. (Or you can substitute Hutton's Ham Sausage or Pressed Roast Pork.)

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H2/57

Grow a bowl of flowering bulbs

By ALLAN SEALE

● Bulbs will grow successfully indoors and, in flower, can fill a room with the atmosphere and charm of a spring garden.

BULBS can be coaxed to bloom in winter, before their normal flowering time, if you use properly matured bulbs and keep them at the right temperature.

They also need constant moisture and plenty of light when growth begins.

Depths recommended for outdoor bulbs do not apply here, and containers need only to be the depth of the bulb, plus about 1 in. to 1½ in. for root space. Drainage is not necessary, and the container is unlikely to stain if bulb fibre is used instead of soil.

The fibre is to anchor the bulbs and hold moisture. Nutrient is not needed, as the flower is developed within the bulb before it is planted. Food for growth is also in store.

In Europe and North America, where winter flowers are so greatly valued, it is customary to buy bulbs specially for "forcing" or flowering indoors during winter.

These have been exposed to carefully regulated temperatures to

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advance the flower development, and, where these are not available, bulbs sold for normal planting can usually be stimulated into earlier growth by placing them in the lower crisper dish of the refrigerator for a couple of weeks before planting.

This can also improve stem length, but make sure the bulbs don't freeze — 45 to 50deg. is cold enough.

Chilling in this way breaks the natural dormancy of the bulbs, and starts the development of root growth.

The most important point to remember is that for the next eight or nine weeks bulbs and container should be kept in a cool position, where their temperature will not exceed 60deg.

This is why in temperate areas later plantings are recommended, particularly for tulips and hyacinths, as it is difficult to maintain such a low temperature early in the season.

Don't chill the bulbs too early. Store them in a naturally cool environment until a week or two before planting.

Don't refrigerate if the bulbs have been specially prepared.

BULB PLANTING

Place a layer of previously moistened bulb fibre in the base of the bowl, and firm down to about 1 in. in depth, or higher if this still leaves the tips of the bulbs about 1 in. below the rim.

Set the bulbs closely, but not touching, and gradually add the rest of the fibre, carefully firming it between the bulbs. It should be packed to within 1 in. of the top of the bowl, with the necks of the bulbs just showing.

After planting, give bulbs and fibre a good soaking, tilt bowls without drainage for a few minutes to drain away excess water. Keep the fibre moist, NOT sodden.

The planted containers are then stored in a cool, dark cellar or similar place. Otherwise, wrap them in plastic sheeting and bury them under a few inches of soil in a damp, shady part of the garden, or wrap the bowl first in plastic, then several layers of sacking kept moist in a large basin with a little water in the base.

Shoots after eight weeks

The plastic wrapping will prevent the bulbs from drying out, and give protection from pests. If not used examine the containers regularly to ensure that they haven't become dry.

After about eight weeks the bowl should be well filled with roots and the bulbs showing solid, white shoots about 1 in. high.

Be patient — leave them in the cool, dark position until you are certain this stage has been reached. Bringing them into light and warmth too early causes many failures.

Accustom them to the light gradually. For the first few days leave them uncovered in a heavily shaded area

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or cover with a sheet of newspaper.

Then, when the shoots have turned green, allow them light, but still keep them around the 60deg. mark.

In warmer or temperate climates keep them in a bush house or open veranda just out of direct sunlight.

In cooler areas they could be placed near the window of an unheated room, but even here direct sunlight through the glass would probably be too hot.

Once the leaves have formed they may be moved into normal room temperature — about 65 to 70deg. — for rapid flower growth. Allow plenty of light, but avoid direct sunlight on the flowers. When leaf growth commences, water more frequently.

Tulips, hyacinths, and crocuses are especially suitable for this type of forcing. Many of the daffodils can be used, but unless conditions are right they make tall, leggy foliage.

Bulbs which have flowered indoors will not flower the following year.

Daffodils are easily grown outdoors in pots or tubs with good potting soil. Here, temperatures aren't so critical.

Grow them in a sunny or partly shaded position, but, if possible, protect the containers from direct sunlight.

Lachenalias, muscari (grape hyacinths), scilla (Spanish bluebells), freesia, and sparaxis can be grown like this, and taken indoors in flower.

Use containers with drainage for these outdoor bulbs. Loosely place crocks over the drainage holes, then an inch or so of charcoal, coke, pebbles, or other porous material.

Proprietary potting mixtures are satisfactory, or ordinary garden loam mixed with 1-3rd peatmoss, vermiculite or fibrous compost. Water regularly, and once growing feed occasionally with packeted liquid manure.

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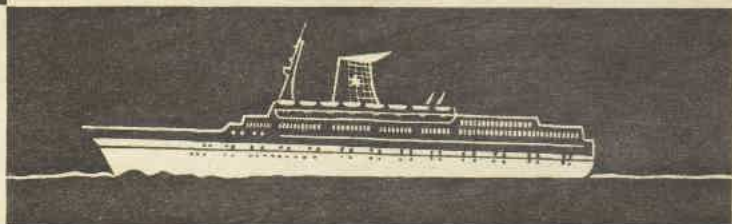


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Right underneath there should be a radio called 'VHF Nav,' do you see it?"

"Yes, it's there."
"Good. Turn the switch on and set in one one seven decimal one."

He turned the dial. The voice came in again. "That's called an omni set, gentlemen, and will show you at all times a relative bearing to Biscayne Bay. Dick, on your instrument panel do you see a radio compass with a needle on it?"

"Where is it located?" Sylvester asked.

"It should be at five o'clock position from your attitude indicator."

"Yes, OK, I've got it."

"What bearing is the needle indicating now?"

"Three two zero degrees."

"Fine, I read three one eight on mine. If for any reason we get separated, home on that needle and it will take you right over Homestead Air Force Base."

CHANG was silent, sitting at the engineer's station. Sylvester realised how hard it must be for him to do that, just to sit there when he must desperately want to be up front flying. He might have to stay there while he, Sylvester, made the landing. That would be the hardest thing of all.

Again the voice of Major Sam Aschenbrenner came out of the sky. "Dick, it's getting pretty dark, so you will want to get set up for a night landing. You aren't going to let this throw you, are you?"

"No sir, I'm not."
Ed Chang pressed his own mike button. "Don't worry about him, Sam," he said. "He's a good boy. You tell him, he'll do it."

"Right, I believe that. All right, Dick, it's time to turn on the inside lights; yours are on the left side, right by your arm, and are self-explanatory. The switches are all labelled. Ed, yours are overhead and are clearly marked also. Advise me when you have them turned on. Don't worry about the exterior lights for a moment, but check by the no smoking lights and find the position of the landing light switches."

"I have them located," Sylvester answered. He looked down to the left and had no difficulty in finding and turning on the interior lights.

"I saw them come on, Ed, up at the co-pilot's seat, by the hydraulic gauges I told you about, find the switch marked wing master lights."

In a moment Chang came back crisply. "Got it."
"Turn it on, use the position marked steady and bright, then return to the flight engineer's station. You're doing two jobs right now, whether you know it or not."

"No sweat," Chang answered.

Aschenbrenner's voice continued in a steady tone. "Dick, on the left-hand panel, where the interior lights are, turn on the wing top, tail light, and leading edge light. I want this last one so we can keep track of you more easily as it gets darker. Good, I just saw them come on."

Chang once more fastened his seat belt at the engineer's station and glanced through the windshield. Then he looked over his shoulder at the western sky and saw the bright pinpoint of light that was the planet Venus. Quite a long day they were having in the air. A lot of time to write in their log books.

Aschenbrenner was with them again. "We're all set for some practice approaches. Now, in a Connie, when you drop flaps you balloon and the air speed falls off rapidly, so be ready for this."

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"What do I do?" Sylvester asked.

"Just anticipate adding more power when the flaps reach sixty percent and the airspeed drops off. Understand?"

"I think so."

"To the right of the throttles is the flap handle. Do you see it?"

Sylvester nodded and then realised that that wouldn't do. "I've got it," he reported.

"Now note where the sixty percent mark is on the pedestal. Pull the flap handle back to the first detent, which is sixty percent. Watch for a balloon, do you feel it?"

In response to the command, Sylvester took hold of

Sylvester held his teeth hard together and pulled downward on the wheel-shaped handle. It refused to move.

"I can't, it won't work!" he almost shouted.

"My fault," Aschenbrenner came back almost on top of his words. "I forgot to tell you to pull back on the handle and then down. You'll have to trim back on the elevator while Ed adds some more power."

Sylvester, jaw clenched, pulled out the handle and pushed it firmly down. There were immediate mechanical noises from under the floor of the cockpit, the indicator

almost exactly on the 180-mark. He felt better because he was doing something, and, like Sylvester, learning a bit more about the aircraft.

Aschenbrenner spoke to them again. "We have just been cleared to descend to four thousand. Drop your flaps to sixty degrees and let her sink. You know how now, so this should be easy."

Sylvester nodded that he would do this himself. He reached over and with somewhat more confidence moved the flap handle down. He did not have his hand off the lever before an ear-splitting noise blasted the relative quiet of the cockpit. In spite of himself Sylvester gripped the wheel hard as though something should be done with it to stop the sudden violence to his ears.

Ed Chang, who did not have to fly, looked quickly about him to see if a window had blown open again. But this was a different kind of noise, something from within the cockpit itself. Then, remembering what he had read, he guessed at the cause. He raised the flap handle and shortly the noise cut off as sharply as it had come.

"When we put the flaps down, we got a very loud noise," Chang said into his microphone. He was proud of the understatement.

"Gear warning," Aschenbrenner replied. "You probably pushed the flap handle down to eighty percent instead of sixty. Try it again." It sounded to Sylvester as though the major's tone was a little shorter, and had been for the last two or three transmissions. The strain on the major must be tremendous. Sylvester reached over and lowered the flap handle once more, being careful to feel the detent. There was no answering blast of sound, so this time he had done it right.

"Are you all trimmed up?" Aschenbrenner asked.

"Yes, sir," Sylvester answered. "These dry runs are a great help. I'm beginning to get the feel. Once more and I think I will be on top of this thing."

"I'm glad you feel better," Aschenbrenner answered. "But there won't be any more dry runs, Dick. This is it. We are running low on fuel out here and just about have enough left to see you safely in."

Sylvester swallowed hard. Now he knew that he had had his swings at batting practice and it was for keeps from here on in. He looked over at Ed Chang for a sign of reassurance, and got it.

"Let's have a little more power," Aschenbrenner directed. "Keep on descending. We have just been cleared all the way. You are number one to land. Now are you reading me clearly?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, we are now making our approach to the field. You will land on runway five. Are you familiar with the appearance of lighted runways at night?"

"I've seen a few."

"Then you know what to look for. Now don't get up a sweat. You have over eleven thousand feet on which to land and what's more it's three hundred feet wide. You have plenty of room, understand?"

Sylvester tried to let the thought that he had a long, wide runway to land on soak in. He focused on that thought to bring his mind into line, and to push back the concern which was once more beginning to build within him.

He glanced at the altimeter; it shook him to read twenty-eight hundred feet. Five thousand feet of altitude had slipped away with his present flaps-down condition and it had taken so little

time! That was the trouble with landing; so many things happened at once, and so fast. He wished that Ed could be up here with him, to lend him moral support if nothing else. He was alone, desperately alone, and he felt the suppressed concern taking hold of him now.

The voice from the T-bird came in again quickly. "Dick, you need more power. Come up to twenty-four inches."

"I'll do it," Chang said quickly. The sharpness in his voice told Sylvester that Chang had read him and understood—that he knew the strains which were mounting within him.

The engines responded to the added ration of fuel and picked up the tempo of their controlled roar.

"Ed, you're needed up front now; take the co-pilot position."

Sylvester was almost pathetically grateful for that; now Ed was coming to join him. He took his eyes off the instruments to watch his partner seat himself and snap the lap belt lock shut. Somehow it seemed that Ed would double his own flying resources, add his experience on top of what he, Sylvester, could already command. Perhaps Aschenbrenner had thought along these lines, too.

Ed spoke into his microphone. "Chang, I'm in co-pilot's position. We have twenty-four inches of manifold."

"Good boy. Let's have the before-landing checklist."

Chang reached up to the little scroll box, found the light switch, and illuminated the items to be read off. "Rpm," he reported.

"Set the lever next to the throttles to twenty-six hundred turns."

Chang reached out and complied with what seemed to Sylvester to be total confidence. His voice conveyed the same thing when he spoke.

"Right. Twenty-six hundred set. Next item is landing gear. Shall I put it down now?"

"Yes, Dick, don't descend below fifteen hundred until I tell you. I have the glide slope indicator on over here. Intercept altitude is one five hundred for the Homestead ILS."

Sylvester looked again quickly at the altimeter; it read seventeen hundred feet. He knew what ILS—Instrument Landing System—was, but he had nothing set up. His composure deserted him and he spoke without thinking. "I don't have any ILS!"

"Yes, you do, but don't worry about it—this will be a contact landing. We'll guide you in. Now level off here."

Sylvester shook his head to clear his brain and tried to pull back on the yoke. It reached the apparent stop and would go no farther. Then he remembered once again that he could not control the elevator, only the trim tab. He reached for the tab wheel and rolled it back a few degrees. The realisation hit him that now, at the worst of all possible times, the plane was flying him instead of his flying the plane. He must, must do better!

Chang pulled out the gear lever and pushed it down. Once more thumping, pounding sounds came from under

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the handle and moved it very carefully down to the moment when he felt the slight detent. Underneath him the great bird abruptly began to rise. He let go of the flap handle and grabbed for the horizontal trim wheel. The upward motion continued, the altimeter needle reacted and the rate of climb swung sharply upward.

"Yes!" he answered.

"Add power to maintain a hundred and sixty knots," Aschenbrenner warned sharply. "It takes a little getting used to, flying with the flaps down."

Sylvester did not answer. Suddenly the aircraft he had been flying had changed into something else entirely, with a mind of its own, which responded in a totally new manner.

"Need help?" Chang asked.

"I'll back it," Sylvester said, but his voice was tight with concentration.

Once more words came out of the night. "Practice elevator trim a little in this attitude, but don't take too long. When you're ready to drop the gear, let me know. You're doing real fine, but let's come back down to eight thousand, where we were."

Gear down would add a new flying characteristic, and Sylvester had his hands more than full with the one he had now.

"I don't know if I can set this thing down," he heard himself saying. "I was sure I could, but now..."

The voice came back sharp and clear. "Nonsense, of course you can! I'm just setting you up to make a real good one, a grease job, understand?"

Sylvester tried to pull himself together. "All right, I'll do my best. I guess I'm ready for the gear."

"That's the stuff. Pull-back your power a little and slow down to one fifty. When I tell you, push the gear handle down. Ed, you better handle the power."

"I will," Chang answered quickly.

"OK, gear down."

showed striped shields in the three windows, and then three black-and-white discs appeared. He heard the power of the engines gain as Ed Chang advanced the set of throttles at the engineer's station. Good for Ed; he always came through!

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" Aschenbrenner asked.

Sylvester licked his dry lips. "No, but I'm glad now we're practising first. It would have thrown me if I had tried to do that for the first time close to the ground."

"Then we're making progress. Did the little red lights on the console go out?"

"I don't see any red lights."

"Look under number three and four tachometers and be sure the gear is down and locked. You should see three wheels in the windows."

"They're there."

Aschenbrenner continued, putting a little more urgency into his voice. "Now pull the power back to twenty-two inches and let the air speed fall off to a hundred and twenty knots. This is the over-the-fence speed. Get the feel of it, but don't let it fall any lower."

"Wilco." A moment later Sylvester added, "I'm losing altitude!"

"You should. Now add power to thirty-five inches and raise the gear."

Chang pushed the throttles forward, then in one motion loosened his seat belt, raised himself up, and reaching out his arm pushed the gear lever up so that Sylvester would not have to let go of the flight controls.

"Check the indicator to be sure the gear is up. Also note the trim change and how the air speed is increasing. When you feel comfortable, raise the flaps and add power to indicate a hundred and eighty knots."

Chang watched and waited until he saw that Sylvester had the big bird fully under control, then he eased up the flaps and fed in additional power until the air speed was

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 22.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, grey, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

MARCH 26

1859 Birth of George Giffen, cricketer. Giffen was one of the greatest all-round cricketers Australia ever produced, and the only Australian to make more than 10,000 runs and take 1000 wickets — 11,631 runs at an average of 29 an innings, and 1012 wickets for an average of 21 runs.

1866 Birth of Barcroft Boake, poet. Educated at Sydney Grammar School, Boake's first job was with a surveying firm. He next became a boundary-rider, and eventually joined partnership with a surveyor in the Riverina district. About 1890 he began contributing verses to the Sydney "Bulletin." His works were published after his death under the title of "Where the Dead Men Lie, and other Poems."

1917 First battle of Gaza, with heavy Australian casualties.

MARCH 27

1797 The first pound in Australia established. Governor Hunter had issued the order because of the public nuisance of pigs wandering the streets of Sydney. They could now be driven into the pound, and if not claimed within 24 hours and damages paid or security given to the person who impounded them, they were to be sold as public property and the impounder paid the amount owing. Six years later Governor King issued another order which provided that horses, asses, and cattle running loose in the streets of Sydney and Parramatta might be impounded and owners of the animals fined \$10 each.

A further order in 1805 provided that persons impounding animals from the countryside should report the matter to the constable of the district. He, in turn, would inform the magistrate so that the description of the beasts could be announced by the "Common Cryer."

1804 Bridge across the Tank Stream, Sydney, opened for traffic. The "Sydney Gazette" announced that among the first that crossed the arch was one of the timber carriages drawn by eight bullocks laden with a tree of immense weight.

This was the first stone bridge built in Australia. Nine months after the first settlement was established, Governor Phillip ordered a gang of convicts to build a log bridge across the Tank Stream in what is now Bridge Street. The crude structure lasted for six years. Governor King had it replaced with a stone structure by unskilled labor, but the stonework of the arch was supervised by a man who claimed to be a builder. His reward was a grant of land in the heart of the growing Sydney Town. However, the stone bridge didn't last any longer than the log one; it was so badly built that a great part of it fell down before two years had passed. The Governor was so furious he cancelled the land-grant given to the builder.

MARCH 28

1791 Escape of the convicts William and Mary Bryant. This was the strangest and most remarkable escape in Australian history. The venture was prompted, organised, and was virtually led by a convict woman, Mary Bryant. Fearing a famine in the Sydney settlement, William and Mary Bryant, their two children — one a girl of three years, the other a baby boy — and seven men, all convicts, sailed through Sydney Heads this night in a small fishing boat.

They steered north along the coast and sailed for 69 days to the top of Cape York and across the Arafura Sea. On June 5 they arrived at Koepang, Timor, having sailed 3254 miles in ten weeks. Although very often in peril from shipwreck, starvation, thirst, and hostile natives, the voyage was achieved without loss of life. Handicapped by ignorance of seamanship they had navigated their boat, a six-oared ketch, through strange waters to the port they had originally chosen.

But freedom was not to be

theirs. The Dutch Governor discovered their identity and had them returned to England. The ill-treatment to which they were subjected on the voyage to England caused the deaths of Mary's husband and the two children. Convicted again, the survivors were sent to Newgate Prison to complete their sentences.

James Boswell (the biographer of Samuel Johnson) visited Mary Bryant in prison, helping her by counsel and encouragement and giving her financial assistance on her release. Writing of her, the historian Professor Pottle said:

"I know of no one whom I should more proudly claim as my forebear than that heroic girl."

1949 Death of ornithologist Gregory Mathews. Born near Dubbo, N.S.W., he produced the first volume of his monumental work "Birds of Australia" in 1910. His books stimulated interest in the study of Australian birds and he wrote other splendid works on the same theme. The large number of bird skins amassed by Mathews was purchased by the American Museum

of Natural History, New York, and his books and manuscripts were presented to the National Library, Canberra.

MARCH 29

1868 Death of Rev. T. Hassall, pioneer clergyman and the first resident of Australia to take Holy Orders.

Hassall first worked on one of his father's farms in the Hawkesbury district, later becoming a clerk in the office of Robert Campbell. In 1815 he founded,



Which girl is smartest?

ALMANAC

at Parramatta, the first Sunday School in Australia. Two years later he left the colony for Wales, where he took Holy Orders and received the appointment of Colonial Chaplain by the King.

Back in Australia he was appointed to Parramatta, and later to Port Macquarie, Bathurst, and "Australia beyond Liverpool." He also acted as magistrate, squire, and woolgrower, and he owned a property of 1000 acres.

1829 Death of John Adams of

the Bounty mutineers. The last survivor of the mutineers, he was the only one to survive the bitter quarrelling and bloodshed of the first years on Pitcairn Island. His real name was Alexander Smith. As Adams advanced in years and his family increased considerably, he became deeply religious in a unique fashion and laid down his own religious and moral laws for the future of the little community. In later years a Seventh Day Adventist missionary visited Pitcairn, and today

those who went to Norfolk Island and those who remained on Pitcairn belong to that religion. There are two oak planks from the Bounty on Norfolk Island on which John Adams carved the Ten Commandments.

1878 Australian cricket team first sent to England.

1901 First Federal elections.

MARCH 30

1870 John Forrest left Perth on his second expedition. His first notable journey was made the year before when, only 21, he was in charge of an expedition to search for Leichhardt's party or its remains, traversing a stretch of country hitherto unknown. On this second journey he led a

party overland from Perth via Esperance Bay and then slightly north of the southern coast to Fowler's Bay, Port Augusta, and Adelaide. He was thus the first man to cross from west to east.

1892 In Launceston, Tasmania, Pastor Soltau, preaching to a congregation, said that to stir the people out of their sins he had caused the recent earth tremors that had severely shaken the district. He was served with a writ (for \$500,000) alleging shock and malicious concussion. He withdrew his statements.

1827 Australian Museum, Sydney, sanctioned. Ralph Darling, Governor of New South Wales, received a dispatch from the Colonial Office informing him

that an expenditure of \$400 a year had been approved for the establishment and upkeep of a museum in Sydney, and that W. Holmes had been appointed zoologist. During its first 20 years the museum had no regular abode. It was first housed in the Judge-Advocate's office, then in the Legislative Council chambers, and afterwards transferred to the private residence of the Chief Justice, Sir Francis Forbes. At another period it was placed in the Darlinghurst courthouse. The original name of this "walk-about" museum was "The Colonial Museum." According to its first catalogue, seven years after its inauguration, it then contained 800 exhibits.

MARCH 31

1831 Surprise, first steamboat built in Australia, launched.

1870 Baron Mueller recorded giant gum trees in Victoria — "On the Black Spur Range, Gippsland, is a gum tree, alive, 420ft. in height, whilst lying on the ground nearby is one the almost incredible height of 480ft." Other giant gum trees are recorded by Professor Whitney — "Along the Huon Road, Tasmania, are hundreds of blue gums ranging from 250ft. to 300ft. I visited the largest tree five miles from Hobart Town. It is a trifle over 300ft. and there are 50ft. of the top blown off. I, myself, have seen fourteen men on horseback in the hollow of it. A horse and dray have been driven inside it. In 1854, the Governor, Sir William Denison, and 78 members of the Legislative Assembly and their friends dined in the hollow of the tree."

APRIL 1

1857 The Sea Belle tragedy. The brig left Port Curtis, Queensland, for Sydney and was wrecked on Breaksea Spit off Fraser Island. Natives killed all the white men aboard but kept Mrs. Fraser, the captain's wife, and two children. They suffered many privations until their rescue two years later.

1898 Death of the impostor Arthur Orton. Orton was working as a butcher in Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., when he read about Lady Tichborne's missing son, Roger. The son had been educated in France and had a short military career in England before leaving for South America in 1854. The ship on which he travelled was wrecked, and all those aboard perished. Lady Tichborne was a wealthy woman, quite evidently an eccentric, who persisted that her son would one day be restored to her.

Arthur Orton conceived the idea of claiming to be the shipwrecked son. It seems unbelievable that he could have the audacity to pose as Roger. The latter was fair and slim and spoke French fluently, but the Wagga Wagga butcher was coarse, very fat, dark, and knew no French. Astonishingly enough, when Lady Tichborne saw him she wept on his shoulder and announced that it was her long lost son restored to her. It cost the Tichborne family \$184,000 in legal expenses to expose the villain, England's greatest legal men being engaged on either side. Despite Lady Tichborne's pleadings, Orton received a sentence of 14 years' penal servitude.

1949 Death of Evelyn Ernest Owen, inventor of the Owen gun. The Owen gun, simple, sturdy, and cheap to produce, proved a very reliable weapon under all conditions. Even in the mid-1950s it was reported to be still the equal of any of more recent design.

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DRY CLEAN
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the floor; the panel indicator showed its barber poles and then cleared up. Three wheels appeared in the windows.

"Gear down," Chang reported as Sylvester once more rolled the trim tab back to compensate for the added drag.

"Does it show down and locked on the panel?"

"Yes, sir," Chang answered. Sylvester thought there was almost a happy note in his voice. "Indicator checks down; the light is out. Next item is landing lights."

"The switches are up above near the no-smoking sign. Push them forward to the marked position. I'll tell you when to turn them on. That completes the checklist, right?"

"Right!"

"Now turn on your panel lights, on the right-hand panel."

"Already on," Chang's confidence seemed unbounded.

"You're all set up, couldn't be better. Now look ahead, gentlemen, and you can see the field."

Sylvester lifted his head and looked. He did not see it at first, then apparently far ahead there was a pathetically thin double row of lights which marked the two sides of the runway.

"I see the field," Sylvester said with a new strained tone in his voice. "I'll approach just as you tell me to. Then I'll attempt to land. If for any reason I botch the job, I'll go around and try it again."

Aschenbrenner came back with authority in his voice. "No, Dick, that won't do. For one thing we don't have enough fuel to stick with you on a go-around. And in a Connie it's complicated and involves special problems of its own. You're lined up now as well as you ever will be. You will land on this first pass unless I tell you otherwise, and that's an order!"

WHEN the T-bird called that it was twelve minutes out, Major Ben Griffin gave the go signal to position all equipment and facilities for a crash landing. At once the machinery which he had set up went into action. The rescue helicopter fired up and in seconds was airborne, hovering a few feet off the ground. It moved over to the fire-suppression kit and hung in the air directly over it while a ground crewman ignored the downward blast of its twin rotors to hook the thousand-pound crash unit into position. When it had been secured, the powerful little chopper hoisted it up and departed for its holding position near the end of the runway.

Inside the rear cabin two highly experienced rescuers donned asbestos suits which would allow them, with a foaming hose in their hands, to walk directly into an aircraft fire and help those trapped on board to safety.

From their flight line garages the fire and crash trucks rolled massively out, their powerful engines making the night air throb. With red rotation beacons going they moved into position on the taxiways, the nozzles of their chemical hoses pointed at the landing runway in the direction from which the plane was to come. Two blue Air Force buses rolled up toward the end of the field to pick up the passengers, assuming that everything went well.

In a staff car equipped with a command set, Major Griffin directed the operation. He called the fire-fighting helicopter and moved it back farther from the runway.

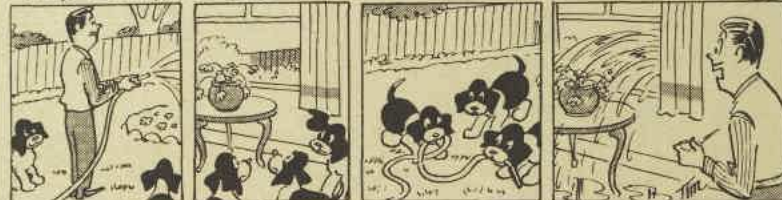
"Remember, these are unqualified amateurs flying," he warned. "Major Aschenbren-

ner reports they have never made a night landing. Keep back out of their way; they may miss the runway. Also your lights may confuse them."

For the same reason he backed the fire trucks almost to the ramp area. "If they can't control the aircraft on the ground, they may come off on the grass. If they hit one of you, then we've really got it. Give them all the room you possibly can."

Like the members of some huge mechanical ballet the fire and crash trucks moved backward together and kept their engines running so they could dash forward again as

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



soon as the plane was safely opposite or past each of their positions.

Two ambulances swung out on to the ramp and took positions two-thirds of the way up the length opposite the runway.

"Who's the medical officer with you?" Griffin asked.

"Captain Gordon and Captain O'Keefe," one of the ambulances reported. Major Griffin wiped an arm across his brow and reflected that two doctors were better than one—especially if there might be several dozen patients all at once. Say eighty to be exact.

A shape showed up at the window of his car; he looked up into the face of Major Solomon Lipschutz, the duty chaplain.

"Where do you want us?" the chaplain asked. "I have Captain Alvarez with me. Chaplain Alvarez speaks Spanish, and if there are casualties he can administer the last rites, should that be necessary."

"I'd say close to the

dowill. "Where are we?" he asked.

"All emergency and rescue equipment is in position, sir," Griffin answered. "The plane is about nine and a half minutes out, right on the inbound track."

"Have they got the gear down?" the general asked.

Major Griffin picked up the microphone and spoke to the tower: in seconds he had the answer. "Major Aschenbrenner reports gear and flaps down. They are right on the rails, so the first pass should do it."

"Good," said the general. "My heart is getting too old for this sort of thing."

The tower cut in on the

FOR THE CHILDREN

radio. "Eight minutes. Still on track."

"Colonel Aschenbrenner is with them?" the general asked.

Griffin invisibly raised an eyebrow. "Colonel, sir?"

"Yes, that's not official yet, but it's gone through. Right now I'd say he's earning it."

Ben Griffin knew the general well. "You're right he is," he answered. "If he pulls this off you can pin a star on him."

"Someday they probably will," the general answered, and turned away. The staff cars behind his own had unloaded their passengers. They stood in a little group all facing the end of the runway, waiting for something each one of them feared to see.

"Come on, Connie," Bob Galloway said softly. "Come on, girl. You can make it. Just keep your nosewheel up and don't let those two guys scare you." He didn't care who heard.

All his crew were nearby. The big pilot Herb Stallings stared almost fiercely into the night as though by doing so

Doris Wong, waiting and watching, fought desperately to contain herself. She saw the general was also standing by himself, and because he had been very kind to her she took the few steps to be by his side.

"I'm frightened," she said. "We all are," the general answered honestly, "but I have a feeling they'll make it all right."

Major Griffin opened the door of his staff car. "Five minutes," he reported. "Dead on the approach path."

Doris moved a few inches closer to the general, her eyes fixed immovably on the sky. The general raised his hand and laid it on her shoulder, offering to share his strength with her. She lifted her small hand and placed it on top of his.

Then, together, they saw

the additional twenty percent. Sylvester kept a cautious hand on the trim tab wheel and turned it a few degrees to re-establish the balance.

"Flaps eighty percent," Chang reported.

"Good," Aschenbrenner approved. "Now pull back on the power until you have established an approach speed of one hundred forty knots. Don't pull back too much; take it real easy."

Sylvester unconsciously leaned forward, trying to watch the air-speed indicator, the attitude indicator, and the runway well ahead all at the same time. He found it difficult.

"Don't worry about the power; I'll handle that," Chang said. "You just fly."

"You're a little below the glide path," Aschenbrenner warned abruptly. "And trim her back a bit; you're doing one forty-five."

Sylvester made the correction, guessing at the proper amount.

Aschenbrenner came in again. "Now listen carefully, Dick, and remember what I say. Since you can't flare for your landing in the usual way with your elevator out, you're going to have to do it the hard way—with the trim tab."

"Yes, sir," Sylvester was listening intently. He knew only too well the vital importance of the flare—the manoeuvre that broke the descending speed and raised the nose of the aircraft into its touchdown attitude.

"To make it easier, I'm going to bring you in a little low and flat. Our over-the-fence target speed will be one twenty, got that?"

"One twenty, right."

"Now, just a little before the time you would usually begin your flare I want you to start feeling back on the trim tab control, not too much, a little does it. If you go too far, you could stall out in a hurry and with no elevator control you would have no chance to recover."

"You mean we would crash."

"Yes," Aschenbrenner said shortly. He continued, "Now, when the time comes, I won't be able to tell you exactly what to do because things will be happening too fast. It's going to be up to your judgment. Remember that you are flying a tricycle-gear airplane. Have you ever landed one before?"

"No."

"Come in normally, but don't try to get the tail down as you do in your light planes. Just hold the nose wheel off until the main gear is on. Then let the nose come down and feed in the brakes."

"I've got that," Sylvester said. He forced himself to speak calmly, praying that he would remember it all at the critical time.

"One more thing—as soon as your nosewheel is on, don't forget to steer it. Do you know how?"

"Yes, we practised at take-off."

"Good. I'll try to help you all I can, but beginning from here on you are going to have to be pretty much on your own."

"Don't go away," Sylvester said. His throat tightened at the words and a sense of alarm touched him.

"I'll be close by, don't worry. I can't stay here on your wingtip without interfering with several things on the field. But I'll be watching every second."

"Dick, I have an idea," Chang said through the intercom.

"Make it fast, the field is getting closer," Sylvester answered. His voice was tight.

"Suppose you handle the ailerons, the rudder, the nose-wheel steering, and the brakes. I'll be responsible for the

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



ambulances would be the best spot," Griffin answered. "You might ride them if there is room."

The chaplain disappeared with no further words.

"Ten minutes out," the tower cut in and reported. "Radar has them approaching the glide path right on fifteen hundred."

"Good old Sam," Griffin said.

A staff car bearing a starred plate in front rolled up beside him with three more in tow. General Aymis got out and leaned on the win-

he could transmit some of his own skill and understanding of Connie and her ways to the two amateurs who were trying to fly her.

Scotty Zimmerman scanned the sky silently, saying nothing. Wilson stood beside him, and Sam Eastman, Zimmerman's co-pilot. Four police cars came on to the ramp, separated, and took up positions where they could see everything that was going on.

Three more unmarked cars, undoubtedly authorised, also rolled on to the ramp and turned toward the upper end of the runway.

cockpit of a Super-Constellation.

Chang spoke. "Now, Dick, set her down nice and easy, and make the CAP look good."

Sylvester realised that he had forgotten all about the uniform he was wearing. He passed his tongue over his dry lips.

Major Aschenbrenner cut his thoughts short. "All right, we're intersecting the glide path. Drop your flaps to eighty percent. The horn won't blow this time, because the gear is down."

Ed Chang lowered the flaps

By RUDD

To page 58

Good things come double,
like double-layer
Kleenex toilet tissue.



Double layers of softness. Double layers of absorbency. Double layers of flower-fresh pastel colours and pure white. The only toilet tissue that's soft like Kleenex tissue.



NOW AVAILABLE IN TWIN PACKS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 29, 1967

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KK3589

Page 57

power and the horizontal trim tab."

Sylvester thought about it for two or three seconds. "You mean you'll make the flare?" "If you think it's a good idea. That way you'll be able to fly with both hands. Otherwise with one hand on the tab control and the other on the yoke, you couldn't steer the nose wheel without making a double shift right after we hit."

Sylvester saw the sense of that. It would divide the responsibility right down the middle, but in this case it might be better that way. He suddenly didn't want to have to do it all himself.

"Let's do it," he said quickly. "But give me what I ask for fast if I need it."

"Of course. You're flying." Sylvester lifted his hand from the trim tab and took a firm hold of the main control yoke. Suddenly he did not have to worry about air speed, and could concentrate on the runway up ahead. He had a co-pilot, and that was what co-pilots were for.

"Landing lights," Aschenbrenner ordered.

Grateful that he had a hand free, Sylvester reached up and turned them on. At once two sharply defined funnels of light reached out in the sky, and into the blackness ahead.

RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"Good. You're holding your speed just fine. Who's flying?"

"We both are," Sylvester answered truthfully. "I'm taking the responsibility."

Whatever Aschenbrenner thought of that, he held his peace. For a few seconds it was dead quiet in the cockpit except for the sound of the four great engines, which now thundered in subdued voices.

"We are four minutes out," Aschenbrenner said. Then his voice came sharply. "A little more to the right, Dick, you're fifty feet to the left of the glide path."

Sylvester lifted the left wing and let the aircraft slip over.

"Is that the way the CAP flies?" Aschenbrenner asked.

Sylvester felt very guilty. "No, sir, I know better. Where are you? I can't see you."

"Right above you. Down just a little now, we'll start dropping below the glide path so your flare will be easier and less critical."

"Right," Chang answered. "Keep on coming, just as you are." Aschenbrenner's voice was smooth and calm now.

The seconds ticked off on the panel clock; the altimeter showed eleven hundred feet.

"Three minutes," Aschenbrenner said.

Sylvester discovered that he was slightly to the left of the twin row of approaching lights; this time he carefully co-ordinated a slight turn and put the big plane back on the path. The nose sank perceptibly as Chang moved the elevator tab to maintain the air speed.

"You're doing fine," Aschenbrenner came in evenly. "Any red lights showing?"

"Negative," Chang answered. "But I can't check the cylinder head temperatures from here."

"Never mind, you're all right. Just keep on as you are."

Sylvester felt a cold chill beginning to envelop him; He looked ahead at the runway. It appeared to have grown very slightly in length. From farther out it had looked chunky; now it was a little less so although it did not seem to be anything like two miles long. Nevertheless, it was, he told himself, and that was what counted.

He looked at the gauges and read them quickly. Speed right on one forty, good old Ed! Rate of descent: four hundred feet per minute. Altitude: eight hundred and dropping.

"Two minutes," the voice of Aschenbrenner said to him. "Surface wind is six knots, so forget it."

It was a marvel to Sylvester how smoothly the big aircraft slid down the glide path, and he silently thanked heaven there were no clouds in the way. If he had had to make this approach with low cumulus or heavy nimbus clouds hiding the runway until the last minute it would have been a different story.

"One minute," Aschenbrenner said very clearly. "Just a little more power now, Ed. Don't overdo it."

AS Chang fed in a small amount of additional fuel Sylvester wondered abruptly how Aschenbrenner knew who was handling the engines. He had no time to speculate on it; the runway was now two miles ahead and it seemed to him that they were much too low. Which was why Aschenbrenner had called for more power, of course—the guardian angel was still there.

He looked at the air speed—142.

All right, now the landing. He reminded himself that it would be higher and faster than in the light plane he was used to, but there was a longer, wider runway than he had ever used before, and it would be beautifully paved. He rehearsed quickly in his mind: in a tricycle-gear aircraft keep the nosewheel up until the main gear is firmly and finally on, then let it come down—and steer. After that, hit those brakes—there would be a lot of weight to stop.

He watched the runway and then, quite suddenly, it seemed to be coming closer at a much faster rate. Panic swept up like a sheet of flame; it seemed to envelop him, to blur his vision, to rob him of every power he possessed.

"Here we go," Ed said, and for the first time his voice betrayed him.

Sylvester's panic receded as the twin cones of light from

the wings reached the edge of the pavement and he could see the wide, white stripes painted on the end. Above them, rushing to meet him, was the big 5 which identified the runway.

"Flare!" he yelled.

Suddenly everything was speed. The runway rushed up, the huge 5 seemed about to slap him in the face. Frantically he grabbed for the trim tab, but Ed was already rolling it back. He heard the roar of the engines slacken, but the power did not seem to come off.

The red lights at the end of the runway swept underneath, the white stripes were swallowed up and gone, then the nose of the Constellation began to rise.

His muscles locked as he saw he was headed toward the side of the runway. He shoved

lessened. He could steer with no further trouble. An ice-cold calm came up through him. He had done it!

He let the aircraft roll on at decreasing speed while he kept the brake pressure moderate and even. He could feel the plane slowing down, and could hear that the engines were only idling.

The speed was all gone now; it was only a controlled landing roll. He pressed the brakes just a bit harder and felt the effect at once. He eased off again and saw that they were down almost to taxi speed. To make it smooth and nice he released the brakes almost entirely and let the Super-Constellation roll sedately to a halt.

He looked at Ed and a thin weak grin formed on his lips. Chang struggled to smile back.

her like the gleaming eyes of some enormous, hypnotic creature, coming relentlessly onward.

She'd forced herself to remember that this was an aeroplane, a fine great modern airliner, bringing Ed nearer every second. Furthermore, it was his skill that was guiding it home, and she had told herself that he would put it on the runway as well as anybody could do.

Robert Galloway had alternately clenched and unclenched his hands, and drummed his fingers against the sides of his legs. He'd told himself that Connie could do it and that a wise old bird like her knew what she was about.

At the same time he'd watched the path of the approaching landing lights and thought that the two kids up on the flight deck were doing a fine job. A job he should have done, and then none of the people who surrounded him would have been in this mess.

He'd turned to speak to Herb Stallings and had seen, almost with a shock, that his Constellation pilot was watching the incoming plane with ferocious concentration. "Lower," Herb had said out loud. "Lower!"

The words were not out of his mouth before the lights began to sink slowly below the glide path. "Good," Herb had said.

General Aym's, who felt far from calm himself, had drawn on his long experience and had kept his voice under control. "This looks all right," he'd said to the girl beside him. "Your lieutenant knows what he's doing. He's right on the track and approaching perfectly."

He'd felt the small shoulder underneath his hand relax a fraction of its tension and a little added, grateful pressure from the fingers which gripped his own. "I'm going out to meet them as soon as they have landed," he'd added. "Would you like to come with me?"

The thought was in his mind that if he got her into the car he might be able to spare her a possible sight which could haunt her the rest of her life. He had twice seen men die in crashes and he knew that he would carry the memory of those horrors to his grave.

"Thank you," Doris had answered without turning her face from the incoming aircraft. "As soon as he's landed it safely. I want to see him come in."

Major Griffin leaned out the window of his staff car. "Sam has cut them loose," he reported. "He feels they will be better on their own now."

"Right," the general answered. "He's done all he could. Pass him my congratulations."

"Yes, sir."

Without looking Doris realised that the ramp was filled with a great many people and vehicles. She stood transfixed as the distance lessened and she could see that the plane itself was almost at the edge of the field. When it came in over the runway lights, she could see its shape and she was startled at its size. She watched with total intensity for the moment when the wheels would touch the ground.

She could not tell the actual contact; instead she saw first that the nose was up in the air and that the plane appeared to be slightly slowing down. Then the nose dropped quite suddenly and the silhouette which she could just make out became level with the ground. That meant that they had landed. Her knees suddenly began to shake violently; she brought her

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the rudder hard and felt the plane begin to skid, then the nose came around and he was straight again, but a little to the side. He held his breath, not knowing what he was doing.

The runway continued to rush backward underneath, precious distance that was gone forever. He was desperate to chop the power and make the aircraft slow down, but Chang had his hands on the throttles. He felt the plane begin to sink and then with a hard impact the left main gear hit the ground.

Sylvester sensed it as the beginning of the crash; his right wing must be too high! He twisted the yoke to bring it down, but before the control could take effect he bounced and the right main gear hit. Now his left wing must be high!

In a smooth motion Chang pulled back the throttles, and the voices of the power plants dropped to a whisper. The brakes! He must put on the brakes before they ran out of what runway they had left. He pressed hard with his toes and felt a near-violent reaction; the nosewheel dropped down and banged on to the runway.

Now the Super-Constellation was running off to the right. He remembered to steer; he whipped his hand down to the wheel at his left knee and twisted it counter-clockwise. The cockpit jerked sharply and he knew he had overdone it. He slacked off and pushed his feet hard on the brakes, his ankles straining to maintain the pressure.

From underneath the aircraft he heard a sound like a muffled explosion, but nothing happened. The landing lights showed a long path of runway still before him; a marker with six on it went past.

That meant there were still six thousand feet ahead of him, more than half the runway. At the moment he understood this, he also sensed he was holding the brakes too hard and eased the pressure.

At once things seemed better; the speed had visibly

"Thanks. That was a helluva good flare," Sylvester said finally.

"And a fine landing, Captain," Chang answered, his voice hoarse. "Now let's taxi this bird in and see where they want us on the ramp."

A light flashed into the cockpit through the windshield and caught Sylvester in the face. Instinctively he closed his eyes. A new voice he had not heard before came into his headset, loud and clear.

"CAP four niner hotel, do not taxi; remain where you are." The words were crisp and definite. Sylvester shaded his eyes, leaned forward, and saw that an emergency vehicle of some kind was on the runway in front of him. That was a stupid thing to do, light or no light!

Sylvester pressed the mike button. "I'd like to taxi in," he said. "We have passengers on board."

"Negative," the voice answered. "We know about your passengers. Repeat: do not taxi. You blew a tyre on landing."

Sylvester turned toward his partner. "I'm sorry, Ed. I wanted it to be just right, but I guess I messed it up."

"No you didn't," Chang answered promptly. "You set it down perfectly. One of the brakes locked on you on the roll-out, that's all."

Sylvester shook his head. "Nope. I pushed too hard," he admitted. "I thought we were running out of runway and I was frightened."

"Now we're here, I'll tell you—I was petrified," Chang said. "Anything that happens from here on will be an anticlimax."

Sylvester looked over his shoulder toward the ramp. "I'm not so sure of that," he replied. "An awful lot of people seem to be headed our way."

Doris had stood, her slender body tight, and clung to the fingers of the general's strong hand. The incoming landing lights had seemed to

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

For a tasty lunch with a chewy punch

Put in the Sun Dried Fruits



Lift lunches out of the everyday.

Add the chewy "eat 'em all up" flavour and goodness of sun dried sultanas, raisins or currants. They're wonderful in sandwiches by themselves, or combined with other fillings. Also, you're providing abundant low cost minerals and vitamins — calcium, iron, thiamine, niacin and riboflavin.

DIFFERENT SANDWICHES WITH DRIED FRUITS

Mix together peanut butter and chopped Raisins, and moisten with a little orange juice.

Mash a hard boiled egg with a little butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Add Sultanas or chopped Raisins and a dash of your favourite sauce, pickle or chutney.

Mix together as a paste equal quantities of your favourite red jam, grated cheese and Sultanas.

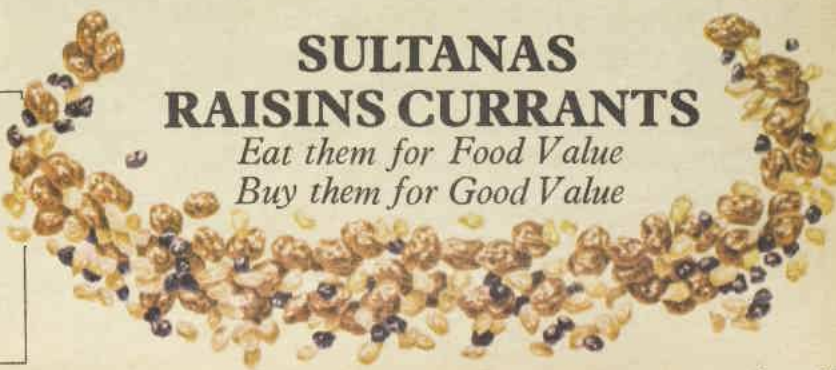
Grate half an apple and add to it one tablespoon of Currants. A little lemon juice sprinkled over the grated apple will prevent it from turning brown quickly.

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped Raisins and grated raw carrot with 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Combine equal quantities grated raw carrot, finely chopped lettuce and chopped Raisins. Moisten with salad dressing.

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RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

hand up quickly to her mouth because she knew she was going to scream.

The general's fingers tightened into a vice on her shoulder. "Hold it!" he commanded. "They made it. Hang on."

Then she heard Stalling's voice on top of the general's. The pilot spoke with a touch of bitterness. "The fool hit the brakes too hard!"

As soon as the Constellation was visibly on the ground the fleet of waiting vehicles on the long ramp began to converge on the point where it would come to rest.

The moment it cleared the first taxiway, the fire truck which had been waiting there swung behind it, its deep-throated, powerful engine echoing across the field as it sped in pursuit, red warning lights flashing with full

urgency. At the second taxiway a huge crash truck took up the chase with a sleek ambulance racing at its side. Overhead more flashing lights and the sharp slap-slap of the rotors testified that the fire-fighting helicopter was above and just behind the slowing airliner.

Before the big bird was fully at rest there was a pattern of headlights almost at the point on the runway where it would stop.

When at last it rolled to a halt and settled back on its landing gear, the helicopter had already set down the fire suppression kit close by and had touched down long enough to permit two asbestos-clad rescuers to jump out of the back. Then it picked up immediately and hovered overhead, ready to direct the powerful down-draft of its twin rotors

against any point where fire might break out.

Pulling a hose from the kit behind them, the rescuers ran to the right main gear, where the brakes were smoking and the remnants of the torn tyre which still clung to the wheel rim gave off a pungent burning odor.

The driver of another of the big red fire and crash trucks turned on to the runway ahead of the plane, and, when the Constellation stopped, directed a strong working light up at the nose section in search of any possible evidence of trouble.

Cars came on to the scene. Close behind the general's staff car came Major Griffin in his vehicle. When a full half minute had passed and it was clear there would be no fire, and that the gear was properly locked in the down position, he spoke into his microphone and released the crash trucks.

One by one they backed away and wheeled about to depart. The helicopter picked

up its fire kit after the hose had been recoiled, and flew back to its stand-by position, where it would continue to remain on the alert.

Seeing that several of the vehicles were already beginning to disgorge a quantity of riders, Griffin called the tower and ordered the Connie to shut down its engines. He waited, wondering if the two unqualified pilots on the flight deck would know how to do that. In a few seconds, almost with visible reluctance, the four propellers, one at a time, swung stiffly to a halt and poised their blades at silent attention. The general, already out of his car, walked briskly the few paces to where Major Griffin was parked.

"Get some steps out here," he directed.

"On the way," Griffin answered. An ambulance glided to a stop beside him within a few feet of the rear door of the airliner.

There was a short delay while a stubby tow truck threaded its way past the many parked vehicles, pulling behind it a heavy set of boarding stairs mounted on wheels. Two airmen who had been riding on the steps jumped off, pushed the rolling ramp forward, and manoeuvred it into position before the doorway.

BOB GALLOWAY appeared beside the general. "I'd like to send my engineer on board first, to be sure that everything is properly secured," he said, hurrying his words just a little.

"Good idea," Ayms replied. Galloway nodded to Toole Sims, who was already waiting at the foot of the stairs. As soon as he had received the signal he started up the steps, two at a time, and opened the fuselage door. There was a reaction as he swung it aside. It could be both heard and felt in the growing group of people gathering at the foot of the ramp. In the very front of the group were two state police officers in uniform, who had automatically taken over partial control; two air policemen were beside them and a lieutenant-colonel, who was clearly in charge of the base security forces.

Toole paused for only a second before he disappeared inside the aircraft. He ignored the crowded load of passengers, nodded quickly to Father Ferrara, who was still standing in the aisle, crowded past him, and made his way rapidly to the flight bridge. As he opened the door to the cockpit he saw the two men in uniform at the controls, who appeared to be trying to complete the after-landing checklist.

"Good evening," he said. "I'm Sims." Without further ceremony he seated himself quickly before the flight engineer's panels to go to work.

A quick flash of memory came to Sylvester. "Blackman Sims?" he inquired.

Sims' trained hands were already busy manipulating the controls before him. "Only partly," he answered. "My father was white."

Ed Chang picked up the fumble. "Believe me, we're glad to have you here to help us. Someone at Tres Santos told us your name was Blackman. Sorry."

Sims was equally fast to accept the apology. "Actually, everybody calls me Toole," he said without stopping his work. Presently he was finished. "I don't know what the others will say," he offered, "but for my part, thank you for saving my plane. Your settings on the

final were right on the button."

"Major Aschenbrenner talked us in," Chang said. "Anyhow, you're secured. You might as well start unloading."

"You want us to get off now?" Sylvester asked.

"Why don't you wait a little while?" Sims suggested. "Let the others get off first." With that he turned his back and retreated into the cargo hold.

Without speaking Sylvester released his lap belt, took hold of the seat-release lever, and slid backward to a position where he could climb out of the chair. When he was on his feet he stretched his arms as best he could in the small cockpit and bounced himself once or twice up on to the balls of his feet. "I'm tired."

Chang slid back and joined him. "I'm with you. At least I could move around a little; you've been sitting there since we took off. By the way, come back and meet the passengers."

The muscles of Sylvester's legs were so stiff he almost stumbled as he made his way through the doorway into the hold. The several men there who were on their feet grinned, bowed, and nodded. Then Sylvester opened the door to the main cabin.

He had somehow not really believed that there were seventy-eight souls in the back of the aircraft he had been flying, but now he saw them. Father Ferrara spoke quickly in Spanish and there was a very faint cheer from the crowded, tired riders.

"We give you our congratulations and love," the priest said to the pilots. "You have this day saved all of our lives. But we must now at once get a doctor."

"I'm a doctor," a brisk man in uniform said behind him. Without ceremony he brushed past, carrying the small black bag of his profession. Immediately behind him a second man, looking

FROM THE BIBLE

● My inner being delights in the law of God. But I see a different law at work in my body — a law that fights against the law that my mind approves of.

— Romans 7: 22-23.

(Today's English Version)

very young and in civilian sports clothes, followed.

The little girl who had been burned was crying in deep, chest-racking sobs. "Her clothes caught fire," Chang told the doctor.

"I know," the physician answered quickly, and snapped his bag open. He came up with a syringe in his hands and a small bottle of fluid and made a quick, neat injection.

Across the aisle the sandy-haired young man had paused only briefly to make a very quick examination of Armando's abdomen, but immediately after that he was given an injection, too.

"Pass the word we need two stretchers," one of the doctors said.

Father Ferrara nodded at once. "I will tell them," he offered, and moved quickly backward to the doorway.

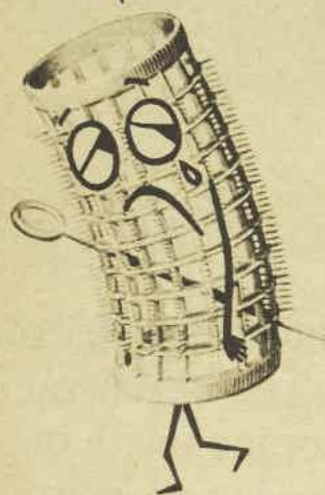
He had to stoop sharply as he stepped out on to the platform at the top of the steps. When he raised his hand to be heard, he looked to all who saw him like a medieval figure on some great canvas by El Greco.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 29, 1967

Now I don't get in her hair every night...

Naturally. With me, one set holds her hair style all week!



75c

Keep your hairstyle in perfect shape, from shampoo to shampoo. Smooth new **STAYSET** Setting Gel through your hair. Set with rollers. **STAYSET** holds wave and curl softly yet firmly all week without nightly roller setting. All chemists and stores. Six-application tube, only 75 cents.

"Two stretchers at once, please," he said — and his words were an anachronism. "Where did he come from?" Ben Griffin asked, a touch of awe in his voice.

Young Wilson chose his words. "That's Father Ferrara. He's the resident priest for the people in the Tres Santos area. A good man."

Two litters were rapidly unloaded from the nearest ambulance and were carried quickly up the steps and into the aircraft. A flashbulb popped, then two more. The general caught a light, looked to his right, and saw the slim shape of a T-33 rolling down the runway behind the Constellation.

He frowned slightly, for a moment disapproving the idea of landing behind a stalled aircraft. Then he realised that Sam Aschenbrenner and his pilot must be all but out of fuel and were, therefore, justified. He couldn't expect them to go somewhere else, even if they could, and miss the show. Sam had earned a ringside seat.

FATHER FERRARA bent himself almost double once more and re-entered the cabin. He spoke a quick sentence in Spanish, telling everyone to keep his seat, and then walked up to the front, where the patients were being placed on the litters. Two attendants lifted Armando on to one stretcher and held him at shoulder height while they worked their way down the narrow aisle.

"Is he in danger?" Father Ferrara asked the very young doctor in civilian clothes.

"He should be all right, but he needs immediate surgery. I've got to get a consent."

"I give it," the priest said. The doctor opened his mouth and then closed it again.

"You will operate?" the priest asked. "Probably within half an hour."

The priest raised his hand and made the sign of the Cross in the air. "God guide your hands," he said. "Are you a Catholic, my son?"

"Lutheran." The doctor started down the aisle.

"God will bless you, none the less." He turned to where the second litter was being picked up with the little girl carefully laid on it. "You will operate also?"

"Probably not," the doctor in uniform answered. "I expect we will send her by Aircvac to the Army burn centre in Texas. It's a special hospital for cases such as this. If we can get her in, that is."

"It shall be done," the priest said.

The doctor smiled thinly. "It may not be quite so easy, Father, but we'll try."

The priest looked down at him. "We required pilots. God sent them."

"So that's how they made it," the uniformed doctor commented.

"You are not a Catholic, either?"

"Jewish, Father. Captain

Gordon." He held out his hand.

The priest took it carefully. "You are blessed of God for the work you do. Care for her, she is beloved of us."

"I'll do my best," the captain said and followed the litter down the aisle. Behind his back the tall priest raised his right arm and made a swift sign in the air the captain could not see. Then he followed and watched as the stretcher was carried down the steps.

On the ground the general saw that Major Aschenbrenner, still fresh-looking in his sports jacket and slacks, had joined him. As the litter came down, the general stepped forward for a quick look and saw the relaxed face of the little girl. "That's the burn case, I think," the major said.

"I'm sure of it," Ayma answered. "You did a fine job, Sam. Was it too tough?"

"Bad enough, but those kids who were flying were intelligent types and they did their best." He paused and looked around him. "Which I would say was pretty good," he concluded.

The ambulances pulled away; the one bearing Armando turned on its red lights and sped swiftly toward the base hospital.

Robert Galloway joined the small party; behind him Colonel Williams of the Civil Air Patrol came with his two staff officers. Williams shook hands with Aschenbrenner and spoke to him quietly for a moment. Then he performed introductions and Galloway tried to find the proper words to express his thanks to the major who had talked his plane safely in and on to the ground. He was interrupted by a scene at the doorway of the aircraft.

Father Ferrara and another man in working clothes were helping a very old woman out of the plane. As she carefully felt for her footing she appeared to be at least ninety years of age, a tiny wisp of a woman with a deeply wrinkled face. With greatest care the laborer and the priest helped her slowly down the steps.

Flash bulbs popped once more. A blue Air Force bus waited in the position which had been vacated by the ambulances.

"Have her taken to the terminal in my car," the general said. "Have one of our nurses look after her there."

"Yes, sir," Griffin went forward to meet her at the foot of the steps and beckoned the general's driver to draw up.

"Here's another one," Colonel Williams said. They all looked up to a young woman obviously in the last stages of pregnancy coming out on the arm of her husband. Just as tenderly he guided her down the steps.

"A pretty good job," Aschenbrenner said again softly.

Then the procession began. They came in a long thin line through the doorway, looked about them when they stepped out, and then made their way down the steps. First there were six children of varying ages, then a young mother with a sleeping baby in her arms. Then more children, a flow of adults, and more children. A very heavy-set man made a distinctive appearance as he carried his guitar before him down the steps and then, halfway, opened his mouth in a tremendous smile.

One woman carefully crossed herself as she stepped on to the platform.

For the first time in her life Julie was free to do exactly as it suited her every whim

OYSTERS FOR BREAKFAST

By NELLE PARRISH



JULIE MADISON straightened the photograph of her grandson and flicked an imaginary speck of dust from the already spotless mantel. It looked bare even after she had rearranged the family pictures. Funny what a difference it made not to have photographs of Billie's grandchildren competing for space with her own.

She looked around her room with interest. It had the expectant look of a room about to be filled with people. Colorful ashtrays. Plumped-up sofa cushions. Magazines laid out like periodicals in a doctor's office. Quite beautiful, really. But nobody was coming. After all these years, Julie had it entirely to herself.

Not the tiniest thing remained to show that anyone else had ever lived with her in the apartment. Billie's heavy things had been crated and shipped the week before and Billie herself had left today, in a flurry.

Julie turned her attention to the comfortable old sofa, with its worn chintz. "I've promised to brighten you up for a long time," she said. "Now just see the lovely material I'm going to cover you with!"

When the doorbell rang she was down on her hands and knees. She opened the door with her mouth full of pins and Ralph said, "What a greeting!" He was puffing a little from the stairs.

Ralph handed her a bunch of the tiny pink roses she loved. "I'd planned to kiss you, too," he said, looking at the pins, "but another time."

Julie spluttered out the pins. "You might have called before barging in," she said.

"Nope," Ralph mopped his forehead and sank into a chair. "Forewarned is forearmed. I decided to sweep you off your feet before you had time to set up house-keeping with some other old . . ."

"Ralph!"

"I was going to say 'lady.'"

"You're impossible." Julie pushed the soft dark hair away from her forehead. "But since you're here, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"OK," Ralph said agreeably. "I might as well get used to the kitchen."

Julie led the way. "Mind telling me why?" she asked.

"Not at all. I just thought you might rather stay here for a while after we get married. My flat's a little small. Just until we get a house, of course," he added.

The discussion was familiar, but the prologues varied. It had been going on for years, and Ralph had thought up a number of better-than-average reasons why Julie should marry him. None of them had worked out to date, but he had kept on trying.

When Julie was a young widow, Ralph stressed the importance of a father figure during the children's formative years. It was just his tough luck that Julie had her hands full and didn't take time to listen.

He tried a different approach when the youngsters were older. Unfortunately, it was the "grow-old-with-me" routine, and Julie had no intention of retiring to a rocking chair for many a long year. Instead, when her youngest boy graduated from college and joined the Army, she took a long vacation. On the trip she

met a jolly, feather-brained widow called Billie who liked to be on the go as much as Julie herself did.

The two women discovered they had many things in common. Both of their husbands had died tragic early deaths. They had each brought up three marvellous youngsters. They were both determined to remain independent. So they set up housekeeping and lived together until Billie got so homesick for her grandchildren that she let her daughter persuade her to move west.

Now that Julie was by herself, Ralph knew that he was working on his last chance. But he had exhausted logic, and it simply never occurred to him to try something basic. I love you, I need you — that kind of thing. Instead, they sat in Julie's comfortable kitchen and bickered over coffee and cake.

"Of course I miss Billie," Julie said happily. "But this is the first time in my life I've ever been really, truly alone. Imagine! I can get up when I want to. I can have oysters for breakfast. I can keep the television on all night long, and read all the books I've never had time for!"

Watching her face while she said the silly, gay things, Ralph thought, she looks about 20 years old. But all he said, was, "Oysters for breakfast. I'll send my doctor."

In the weeks that followed, Julie threw herself into a whirl of activity. Then Billie's letter arrived, as lively and disorganised as Billie herself. There seemed to be three major points: (1) The trip west had been fraught with danger and adventure; (2) Billie was well and happy and all of her grandchildren were geniuses; (3) Would Julie please immediately airmail the picture of herself that Billie had put in the old photograph album.

Julie turned the bulging old imitation leather binder upside down to shake the loose picture out and 50 years of photographs cascaded to the floor. Her own mother started the book, and Julie kept it up throughout her married life. She still added to it occasionally. Now, as she replaced the old pictures, it was like saying hello again to people and places dearly loved and lost.

Time had no part in this meeting, but at last — when Julie had to strain her eyes to make out the features of a tall young man in an old-fashioned suit — she realised that the apartment was dusky with twilight. Still, she did not immediately turn on a light. In the dark she shared a warm and wonderful past with people she loved, who loved her. Once the lights were on, they would be only shadows on paper.

Julie thought of the people she chatted with at cards or over luncheon. Did they know the real Julie Madison? Perhaps only the tall young man in the old-fashioned suit did. He was older now, and he puffed when he climbed the stairs, but he remembered that she loved roses.

Julie picked up the telephone and dialled Ralph. "I thought you might like a cup of coffee," she said.

As she waited for him, Julie wondered how much room his pictures would take on the mantel and smiled cheerfully at the photograph of her grandson. "You may be a little crowded again, darling, but you'll never be lonely," she said.

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RIVETS



RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

And more. People of all ages, some clad in their good clothes, some in their worst. A seemingly never-ending stream of humanity — a little frightened, tired, and uncertain. The first bus filled up and departed for the terminal; the second took its place.

No one in the little executive group had spoken for some time, then Colonel Williams took it upon himself to do so.

"I'm actually proud of them," he said.

Doris Wong silently beamed her gratitude. There was a short pause, and then Galloway added, "Well, so am I."

Toolie Sims felt the mood in

the air. "If they made any serious mistakes, I didn't see them," he contributed. "They had everything set right when I checked the board."

"How were they?" the general asked.

"Tired — but on their feet."

General Aym's looked at Colonel Williams. "Are you going to reprimand them?" he inquired.

"Well — I've been considering that, but in view of what I've seen and heard I'm going to call it in line of duty. A little overzealous, perhaps, but when I saw that little girl I think I understood why they did it. I might have done the same."

"Mr. Galloway?" the general asked.

Bob spoke without looking away from the Constellation.

"They took my aeroplane without permission, but they also saved it from probable destruction. I'll pay for the tyre. Also your tab here if I can afford it."

The general turned to Aschenbrenner. "They did declare an emergency, didn't they, Sam?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely they did. As soon as they discovered that the elevator control was inoperative. They hadn't determined that before take-off, of course."

"In that case they had a right to ask for our help," General Aym's said.

The lieutenant-colonel spoke. "Do you have any further need for my boys, sir?"

The commander thought quietly

for a moment. "I don't think so, Mike. That goes for the State police and the FBI people, too, that is as far as we're concerned. Immigration and Public Health are another matter, of course."

"Sir," Griffin cut in, "some of the Press boys are asking for a statement."

"Tell them we received a call from an airliner in distress and responded as we always do under such circumstances. The landing was fortunately routine and that's all there was to it. No casualties. Some passengers who were ill are being cared for until they can be moved to an appropriate civilian facility."

"Passengers, sir?"

"Correction — evacuees."

"Yes, sir, I'll pass the word."

General Aym's turned to Aschenbrenner. "Sam, do you know what we forgot? We should have set up some messing facilities for this many people."

Sam Aschenbrenner replied. "I think Ben Griffin anticipated your order in that regard, sir. He said he has a chow line set up and quarters arranged, too, I believe. That's authorised, sir, since these people are evacuees from a disaster area."

"True," the general said. "Ben knows his job."

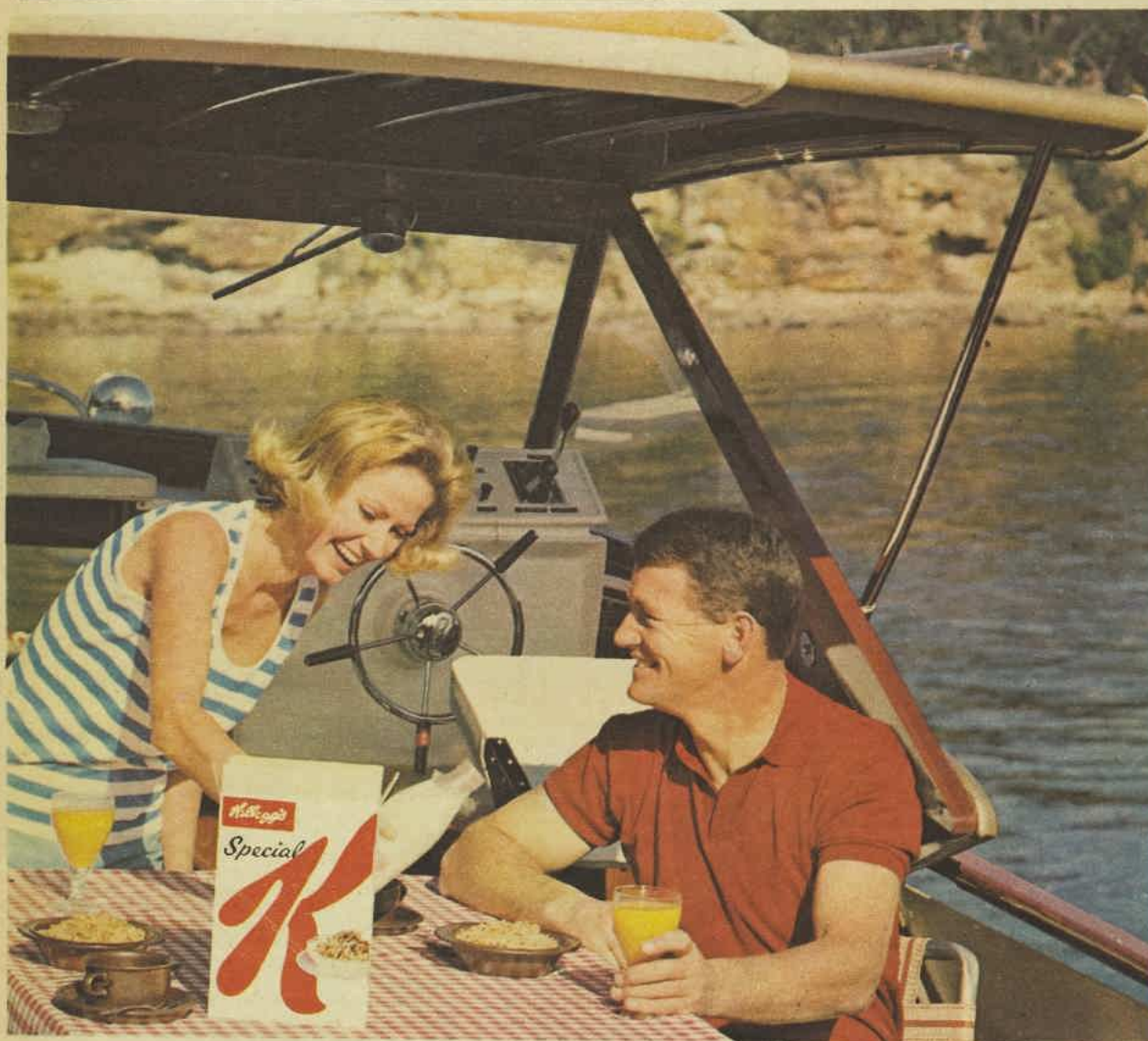
"Yes, sir," Aschenbrenner said.

"He does."

"I think that's the last of them," Herb Stallings interjected.

"Permission to go on board, sir?" Aschenbrenner asked.

"Go ahead," the general said.



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K407

Several flashbulbs exploded bursts of light into their faces. A floodlamp came on so brilliantly they could hardly see. Ed Chang shaded his eyes and saw that it was being held next to a movie cameraman.

Sylvester started down the steps with Chang a step behind him. He wanted desperately to look back at the long shape of the airliner they had just landed, but he knew that he had an obligation to maintain a military bearing. He was a civilian, but he was in the uniform of the Civil Air Patrol, on a United States Air Force base, and his colonel was watching him.

When he reached the ground he waited a moment until Chang was beside him, then he walked up to Colonel Williams and saluted.

"Good evening, sir," he said and waited.

The End

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4076.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with button trim. Pattern also provides short and three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



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4143.—Girl's dress with elasticised full-length sleeves and full circular skirt attached at hipline. Peter Pan collar and short-sleeved or sleeveless versions also in pattern. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.



3913.—Semi-fitted hipster dress with contrast A-line skirt and band trim. Self or contrast hat. Bust sizes: Sub-Teen, 28, 29, 31, 33; Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 60 cents includes postage.

2779.—Cone-shaped skirt with optional stiffening has separate pattern for Tall (5' 9" and over), Medium (5' 4" to 5' 8"), and Short (5' 3" and under) figures. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 50 cents includes postage.

3814.—Scoop-necked dress with back-buttoned, blouson bodice and slim skirt with back zipper. Three-quarter sleeves with contrast detachable collar and sleeve trim also in pattern. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

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WHAT WILL MANDRAKE DO?



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Toy for young Edward to carry (5, 4).
- Instrument used in drawing straight lines (5).
- Indispensable quality in perfume (7).
- There is grit in this river in Turkey and Iraq (6).
- To contract for a premium to make good a loss (6).
- Mere lads can make gemstones (8).
- Iced date (anagr., 8).
- According to Benjamin Franklin in "Poor Richard's Almanac," at this age the wit reigns (6).
- Ancient name for European peninsula now comprising Spain and Portugal (6).
- Such knowledge is gained from experience only (7).
- Musical instrument (5).
- Rate for cooks (9).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Decay in cut herb brings a near relative (7).
- Songs of mourning (7).
- Russian vehicle drawn by three horses abreast (6).
- Considered with contempt (8).
- Break a sabre before tea for a part of the body (6).
- To agree (6).
- A female feathered creature hidden by a beetle (8).
- No trans contain married women (7).
- This legislator is on a rest (7).
- Man has a wizard priest in Asia (6).
- Stew in a closed vessel, properly with fire above and below (6).
- Absorb (6).



WHICH PICTURE FITS HIM?

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